

THE "MIRROR" SALE RISES TO OVER 150,000 DAILY.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

All the News by
Telegraph,
Photograph, and
Paragraph.

No. 147.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE CUP-TIE TEAMS WHICH WILL PLAY BEFORE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY TO-DAY.



Manchester City Football Club, which will play the Bolton Wanderers in the Cup-tie Final at the Crystal Palace to-day. Reading from left to right the names are:—
Back row: Livingstone, Drummond, Hynds, Davidson, Hillman, Holmes, Edmondson, J. Moffatt. Middle row: Meredith, Craigie, Jones, Burgess, Frost, Bannister,
Pearson, Threlfall, R. Moffatt. Front row: Broad, Slater, Dearden, Gillespie, Lyons, Turnbull, McClestra, Booth, Foreman.—(Photograph by E. Multon and Co.)



The Bolton Wanderers Football Team. Reading from left to right the names are:—Back row: Lewis, Brown, Freebairn, Greenhaigh, Davies, Boyd, Struthers, Harris.
Middle row: Stokes, Marsh, Yenson, White, Taylor. Front row: Clifford, Wright. The cup and medals will be presented by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the Colonial
Secretary, and Mr. Balfour will probably be present at the match.—(Photograph by Cowley Bros.)

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Gusty westerly and north-westerly winds; some showers, fair periods in all districts; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 8.3 p.m. Sunday: 8.10 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate on all our coasts.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Arrangements are now complete for the King's visit to Ireland. His Majesty and the Queen leave Euston on Monday afternoon and arrive at Kings-town early on the following morning. The visit is to be without military display or state ceremony.—(Page 3.)

The first Court of the season was held last night at Buckingham Palace, and was of exceptional brilliance. We publish a special description of the dresses worn by the ladies presented to their Majesties.—(Page 3.)

Following the State ball at Vienna, the Prince of Wales yesterday attended a shooting party at Neuberg, enjoying some excellent sport.—(Page 3.)

From Seoul it is reported that the Japanese plans are completed for a simultaneous rush upon three points. Count Okuma, one of the Elder Statesmen, at a meeting of Progressive Councilors, warned the Japanese people to be prepared for the intervention of some European Power during the war, and predicted that after the war a Japanese loan of \$50,000,000 would be required.—(Page 2.)

In the Commons the second reading of a Bill to amend the law relating to trade unions and trade disputes was moved by Mr. Paulton. After debate the motion was carried by a majority of thirty-nine.—(Page 2.)

Speaking in the House, Mr. Winston Churchill suddenly stopped, and was eventually unable to proceed. The incident evoked a sympathetic expression from members.—(Page 2.)

When Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford landed at Palma, in order to accompany King Alfonso, he was unable to find a seat with the royal suite. His lordship withdrew, and an explanation was subsequently tendered on behalf of the King.—(Page 3.)

Mr. T. R. Warrington, K.C., for some years the leader in Mr. Justice Kekewich's Court, is the new Chancery Judge. He will probably be sworn in on Tuesday next.—(Page 2.)

Petitioning in the Divorce Court, Ernest W. Hopkins, a stud-groom, was granted a decree nisi. The co-respondent, Mr. V. H. Freeman, a squire, was ordered to pay him \$1,350 damages.—(Page 5.)

Mr. P. F. Warner and his team of cricketers were last night entertained at a banquet by the M.C.C. Lord Alverstone, the president, presided over a large and representative attendance.—(Page 3.)

Before Mr. Justice Darling, at the Old Bailey, the trial of the two Lambeth coiners was concluded. Appleton, who was said to be an expert at the "sweating" process, received fourteen years' penal servitude, and Brooker, his assistant, eighteen months' hard labour.—(Page 5.)

Before the Marylebone magistrate, George Minns, forty, a painter, was committed for trial on bail, charged with threatening his sister, Miranda Sophie Carter, wife of Maj.-Gen. Carter. Evidence of a painful character was given.—(Page 5.)

Thrilling scenes were witnessed at a fire which destroyed Blunsdon Abbey, near Swindon. The inmates were only saved by presence of mind on the part of Miss White, a visitor from London.—(Page 3.)

Mystery surrounds the death of a Fulham insurance superintendent named Honeycomb, whose body has been found in the Thames off Chelsea.—(Page 4.)

Application was made at West London Police Court respecting a child of three and a half who has been missing under mysterious circumstances since last Tuesday.—(Page 4.)

A pensioned Dublin policeman, sued by a publican in respect of misconduct, was ordered to pay \$50 damages.—(Page 5.)

Foxes are such a pest in Cumberland that farmers talk of organising a scheme for their total extinction.—(Page 4.)

London street Arabs are just now busy playing at a new war game, which they call Port Arthur.—(Page 5.)

At Richmond the body of a man, much tattooed, has been found in the river. Beyond the fact that he had been an inmate of the workhouse nothing is known of him.—(Page 4.)

All Lancashire will visit the Sydenham slopes this afternoon, when Bolton Wanderers and Manchester City meet in the Cup Final.—(Page 10.)

Religious riots on an extensive scale, in which stones, bricks, and bottles were used, have taken place in Liverpool.—(Page 3.)

Some thousands of people attended the funeral of the murdered boy, George White, at Wrexham.—(Page 4.)

South London was the scene of a serious fire, which destroyed a factory. Three hundred people were thrown out of employment.—(Page 4.)

Monson, who was arrested in connection with the Adlamont mystery, and some time later sentenced to penal servitude for fraud, is now in South Africa.—(Page 5.)

In order to make his identification perfectly fair, the South London police paraded a prisoner with one eye among seven others whose left eyes were shut. Accused was, nevertheless, identified.—(Page 5.)

Admiral Breeze beat several horses engaged in classic races in the Tudor Plate at Sandown Park.—(Page 11.)

Most of the Stock Exchange markets were very firm. Home and American rails improved, and Kaffirs remained strong. Foreign bonds, after fluctuating, closed well.—(Page 11.)

THE FIRST COURT.

Brilliant Scene Last Night at Buckingham Palace.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—WONDERFUL DRESSES.

The first Court of the season took place last night at Buckingham Palace under most favourable auspices.

The Life Guards had hardly taken up their position in the courtyard of the Palace when the expectantly-waiting crowds were reinforced by the first carriage, which arrived soon after eight o'clock, and by the time the Palace doors were opened at nine there was a long queue of carriages waiting along the Mall.

Inside was a blaze of light and colour; all the electric lights were showing brilliantly; masses of flowers and plants stood about; and at every doorway and at the foot of the grand staircase stood gentlemen ushers and officers, in uniform.

Punctually at ten o'clock the royal party arrived in the Aurora Room, and the King and Queen took up their positions at the edge of the dais.

Behind them were ranged the royal circle, a comparatively small one, so many royalties being abroad at the present time, and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting.

The Queen looked quite lovely in a white brocade gown, with a long brocade train, and she wore many jewels, including her superb collar and ropes of priceless pearls, while on her head blazed a wonderful diamond crown, but, on account of Court mourning, no coloured jewels were worn.

Chiefly a diplomatic Court, as the first one always is, there were, of course, a great many entrée people, all of whom passed the presence first. Several of the Embassies were represented, and presentations made in most cases.

Official Ladies.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, wore a black toilette, and made some official presentations. Lady Lansdowne also presented several people, including her young daughter-in-law, Lady Kerry, who wore her beautiful wedding dress and a very few jewels.

Onslow wore a gown of champagne-coloured crepe de Chine, with beautiful real lace and a train of gold gauze. The wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty wore quantities of beautiful jewels.

Lady Londonderry, in black and silver with a train of silver tissue and black gauze, with her famous diamond crown on her head, was one of the most beautiful women present, and another very handsome woman was Lady Tweeddale, also in black, but with a black and white train. She carried an exquisite bouquet and wore many lovely jewels.

Lady Carrington wore delicate satin and silver with a train of real lace, and her sister, Mrs. Derek Keppel, was in white with pearl and diamond ornaments. Lady Trevelyan had exquisite lace on her green brocade dress; Lady Alice Stanley had a lovely gold and silver train to her white gown.

A very striking figure was Madame Novikoff, the well-known Russian lady, who appeared in Russian Court dress, which differs from the English in that the velvet train is suspended from the shoulders and is rather shorter.

Some Brides.

Lady Beauchamp, who, although married two years ago, was only last night presented, wore a very picturesque toilette and looked remarkably well with her soft, fair hair adorned with jewels. A bride of more recent date was Lady Phipps, who was married to our Minister at Brussels, Sir Constantine Phipps, at Nice, last January.

Another interesting bride, presented on her marriage, was Lady Juliet Duff, who wore a chiffon dress, covered with Brussels lace and a silver and satin train, with jewels sparkling in her beautiful auburn hair.

Debutantes and Girls.

Lady Valentinia presented a debutante daughter, Miss Lettice Annesley, who wore a soft chiffon dress and train, and carried a bouquet of white lilies and orchids; Miss Sybil Brodick, presented by her mother, Mrs. St. John Brodick, wore a simple white frock, with a transparent lace train; Lady Edith Villiers was in pink and white; and Miss Anna Lawrence also wore white, but with trails of laburnum.

Miss Seymour Corkran presented two daughters, Miss Muriel Corkran, a god-daughter of Princess Christian, and Miss Sybil Corkran, who, like her sister, is very pretty, with lovely dark eyes and a brilliant complexion. They wore dainty white satin dresses, with trains of silver-spangled net.

At the conclusion of the presentations the royal party left the Throne Room, after speaking to a few of their friends, and entertained a small party to supper. For the general company refreshments were served down stairs, at a long table beautifully decorated with flowers and covered with the magnificent service of gold plate which is brought specially from Windsor for these occasions. Hot, as well as cold, dishes figured on the menu, and there were piles of hot-house fruit—strawberries, peaches, and grapes in profusion.

The going-away arrangements were admirable, the carriages all being called up by telephone. There was no hurry or confusion, and everyone left in such good time that shortly after midnight the last twinkling light of the Palace went out.

DUEL IN A SHOP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

At a stationer's shop in the suburbs of Paris at seven o'clock in the morning a bare-headed stranger entered, holding in either hand a huge flower-pot and a dilapidated table fork. He had arrived at the pugnacious stage of incivility. "Serve me," he cried truculently, "with an omelette and a roasted fowl." The stationer, roused to indignation, pushed the intruder downwards, then the aggressive customer made for the stationer, dealing furious lunges with his fork.

The shop-keeper seized a heavy ladder and kept the foe at bay for a time, but the edged tool proved superior in the long run, and by the time the noise of the conflict had brought the neighbours to his aid he had sustained considerable damage.

KING'S IRISH VISIT.

A Royal Tour Without Military Display or State Ceremony.

The King and Queen leave Euston at one o'clock on Monday for Ireland, travelling by the L. and N.W. Railway to Holyhead. There they will proceed on board the royal yacht, where they will dine and sleep.

The Victoria and Albert will arrive in Kings-town Harbour early on Tuesday morning, and their Majesties will land at ten o'clock.

There will be little military display, beyond a guard of honour, as their visit will not be in full state.

They will proceed at once by special train to the Punchestown Steeplechase Race Meeting, where they will be received by the committees of the Irish National Hunt and the Kildare Hunt. There will be an enormous gathering of the public, as excursion trains are being run from all parts of the country, and the King and Queen will receive a warm-hearted Irish welcome. Afterwards they will proceed to the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park, where they will reside.

A second visit to Punchestown Races will be paid on Wednesday, and in the evening the royal party will be present at an official dinner given by the Duke of Connaught, as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland.

The Great Day.

Thursday is to be the great day of their visit to Dublin, as in the morning the King will lay the foundation-stone of the Royal College of Science, travelling by different routes each way, and so giving opportunity for many thousands to offer loyal greetings. In the afternoon there is to be a race meeting in Phoenix Park itself, and the command performance at the Theatre Royal takes place in the evening. Mr. Tree is travelling over to Dublin specially for this night to present scenes from "The Dandies," "The First Night," and "Tilly." At their Majesties' visit to Dublin nine months ago Mr. Tree had to abandon the performance then commanded owing to the death of the Pope.

On Friday the King will visit Leopardstown Races; and on Saturday the Dublin visit terminates, and their Majesties visit Kilkenny Agricultural Show, stopping over Sunday at Kilkenny Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Ormonde.

On Monday, May 2, the royal party proceed to Waterford.

Complete details of their further movements are not yet issued, but it is expected that several other towns will be afforded the opportunity of welcoming their Majesties.

His Majesty, attended by Capt. the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, visited the Graves Galleries yesterday to inspect the water-colour exhibitions of "Japan and Ceylon," by Miss Ella du Cane, and of "Scotland from the Trossachs to Skye," by another artist.

The King has been pleased to direct that the official celebration of his birthday be held on Friday, June 24. The usual official dinners will be held on the evening of that day.

RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

Stones, Bricks, and Bottles Used as Weapons.

Liverpool is maintaining its notoriety as the hot-bed of religious disturbances between the ultra-Protestants and Roman Catholics. Open riots, during the last few days, have been narrowly averted, and the police force has had to be increased.

Eleven prisoners have been charged before the magistrates with fighting and with behaving in such a manner as to provoke a breach of the peace.

Two bands started out from the south end of the city at about seven o'clock in the evening, with 2,000 processionists, to march through a Roman Catholic district. Here the drums were beaten more violently than before, and some Roman Catholics began to hoot. Then stones were thrown, and stones were dumb about, and windows of houses smashed. Many of the men and women in the procession were armed with sticks and other weapons, and the police had to disarm them. Stones, bricks, and bottles continued to fly in the air, and several people were so seriously wounded in the head that they had to be taken to the hospital.

The prisoners were all fined 40s. each and costs.

TROOPS TO WORK RAILWAYS.

Last night's telegrams showed that the arrangement of the strikers' trouble in Hungary is proving more difficult than was expected.

The Government has ordered the mobilisation of three battalions, comprising men who have been engaged in railroad work, and if necessary will proceed to call upon all those among the railway men who are liable for military service to work the trains under military discipline.

Earlier telegrams stated that all the traffic to and from Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Switzerland is stopped.

It is estimated that 75,000 men have now ceased work, and the loss to the State is estimated at £160,000 a day.

Vienna is already suffering from scarcity of provisions. Lawsuits have been postponed, as witnesses could not reach the courts. Theatrical performances, concerts, and weddings have had to be cancelled.

WELL-TIMED RAID.

Just as he was posting circulars at the G.P.O. relating to a Hamburg State lottery Auguste Friestman, twenty-one, clerk, was arrested. He had with him some five thousand copies.

Charged at the Guildhall prisoner said he was employed by Paul Goldenberg, the agent of the lottery, which is, of course, illegal in this country. He was remanded on bail in the sum of £200.

The City police are said to have "raided" three cases of printed matter referring to the lottery.

LADY LIFE SAVER.

Thrilling Rescues from a Burning Country House.

CHILD'S LEAP FOR LIFE.

Blunsdon Abbey, a fine Tudor-Gothic residence, situated five miles from Swindon, was destroyed by a disastrous fire yesterday, and the lives of the inmates were only saved by the coolness and presence of mind of a lady visitor from London, Miss White.

Mrs. Thomas, the owner of the Abbey, had dined there on Thursday night with a relative, Mr. Fell, and then left with him for London, leaving Miss White behind.

During the early morning fire broke out, and the flames obtained such a hold that the inmates were cut off from the staircases. Besides Miss White there was a little girl and the gardener, a man named Dashwood, and his wife.

Finding escape otherwise impossible, Miss White, with commendable resource, tied a number of blankets together, and with the assistance of the gardener lowered Mrs. Dashwood safely from the bedroom window to the courtyard below, afterwards clambering down the blanket rope herself.

Little Girl's Lucky Leap.

Meanwhile the fire brigade had arrived, and into other blankets held out securely to receive her the little girl jumped from one of the windows and landed unhurt amidst cheers from the spectators. Dashwood also leaped from the window, but was less fortunate, as he sustained a serious injury to his back.

In this way all the inmates of the Abbey escaped. The fire was discovered by some men who were going to work at half-past four in the morning. They at once gave the alarm, but though the fire brigade worked splendidly, the entire building was reduced to ashes, and only the walls remain standing. The mansion cost £200,000, and many rare treasures have been destroyed, including a pair of bronze candelabra and a famous picture by Turner—"A Scene in Venice."

Blunsdon Abbey was built forty years ago by Captain De Windt, but he did not live to see it completed, being thrown from his horse and killed while hunting at Blunsdon. His daughter, Miss Alice De Windt, resided at the Abbey before she married the Rajah of Sarawak, and a son of Capt. De Windt, a well-known Siberian traveller, also had associations with Blunsdon Abbey. Recently electric light has been installed, and it is believed that the fire was caused through an electrical fuse igniting the curtains in the dining-room.

UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.

Lord Charles Beresford Annoyed at a Spanish Slight.

PALMA (Majorca), Friday.

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, accompanied by the leading officers of the British warships here, landed yesterday afternoon in order to accompany King Alfonso, but was unable to find a seat with the royal suite.

His lordship withdrew, evidently much annoyed, and did not attend his Majesty's reception. The Premier, Señor Maura, immediately upon learning of the incident, ordered the Prefect of Palma to go on board the battleship Cesar and offer Lord Charles Beresford an explanation.—Reuter.

THE SIXTH "TEST."

Last "Match" of the Tour at the Trocadero.

Mr. Pelham Warner and his team of conquering cricketers were last night the guests of the M.C.C. at a dinner given in their honour at the Trocadero. Covers were laid for over two hundred. Lord Alverstone, the president, was in the chair, and the company included most of the best-known names in the cricket world.

The only toasts were "His Majesty the King," "Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family," and "Our Guests the M.C.C. Australian team." All three being proposed by Lord Alverstone. Mr. Pelham Warner responded to the last toast, which was naturally received with much enthusiasm.

OUR BUSY PRINCE.

Shoots Four Capercailzie in the Morning.

VIENNA, Friday.

The ball given by the Archduke Frederick Albert was a most brilliant affair. The Princess of Wales remained in the ballroom until half-past three, and as her Royal Highness was consequently somewhat fatigued this morning, the projected visits to the City Hall and the Burgtheater were abandoned.

The Prince returned to Vienna at half-past nine o'clock from the shooting party at Neuberg, after enjoying some excellent sport. His Royal Highness shot four capercailzie, which is considered to be a remarkable record for one morning.

Their Royal Highnesses take afternoon tea at the villa of the Archduchess Marie Valerie at Lainz, and a banquet, followed by a reception, at the British Embassy, brings the visit to a close.—Reuter.

KING AND TSAR.

Sir Charles Hardinge, the new Ambassador to St. Petersburg, will be the bearer of an autograph letter from King Edward to the Tsar. His Excellency leaves for Russia almost immediately.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The late Mrs. O'Hagan has left £1,000, free of legacy duty, to the National Canine Defence League.

Retail tea dealers have made haste to take advantage of the increase in the duty. The addition of 2d. a pound to the price of tea is almost universal in London.

Sir Gilbert Parker is spoken of as a probable Conservative candidate for Cardiff at the General Election, although he holds what is regarded as a safe seat at Gravesend.

A Birmingham firm has built a set of motor-cars for the North-Eastern Railway Company, which it is intended to use on local railways in lieu of the usual passenger trains.

When James Hemings was committed to gaol at Merthyr for not contributing to the support of his mother his wife rose in the court, and said: "The parish must keep my children then; send me to prison with him."

When Edith Sharples, a girl of nineteen, was charged with theft at Oldham the court missioner said she had been led away by a man who was old enough to be her father, and who was not worthy to be called a man. The bench bowed accused over.

MARCONI'S LATEST PROJECT.

Interviewed at Aberdeen yesterday, Signor Marconi said that he believed wireless telegraphy would be of great service to the fishing fleet.

He also hoped to establish a connection with Iceland.

TOM CAT AND THE DUCKLINGS.

A hen belonging to the Vicar of Cernarth recently hatched four ducklings, which were taken from her and placed in a basket by the kitchen fire.

A tom cat stepped into the basket, took possession of the brood, and is now acting as foster "mother." He even licks them dry when they come in from water.

HARD TO PLEASE.

William Moran, charged with refusing to perform his task of stone-breaking as a "casual" at the West Ham Workhouse yesterday, said he could not get any work outside the workhouse, and he did not intend to do any inside. He will be compelled to work for the next fourteen days in prison.

ALIENS' BIRTH-RATE.

It was reported yesterday by the medical officer of health for the Borough of Stepney that during the past four weeks the birth-rate in St. George's-in-the-East had come to the extraordinary average of 51.0 per 1,000, or nearly double the average rate for London. The parish is the centre of the alien population in the East End, and has long been noted for its high birth-rate; but lately it has gone up by leaps and bounds.

MEN'S COSTLY DRESSES.

Large sums have been spent on clothes by those present at the Court held yesterday at Buckingham Palace, says a writer in "Bargains." Mr. Balfour's Court costume has cost him £30. An orthodox Court suit of black velvet, such as would be worn by a Prime Minister's secretary, can be had for 20 guineas.

The elaborate Court dress of an Ambassador costs 50 guineas, but an attaché gets his levee clothes for £22. The ordinary Court dress of a civilian is considered cheap at £25. The full Court dress of a general costs 54 guineas, but the Colonel of the 1st Life Guards must spend at least £60 on his Court suit. Each of the King's aides-de-camp pays his tailor £100 for his suit.

GUARDSMAN IN DRESSING-GOWN.

In the small hours of yesterday morning a fire broke out in the officers' quarters of the Windsor Cavalry Barracks. The officers of the 1st Life Guards (which regiment is stationed there) at once turned out in all sorts of "undress uniform," one young officer wearing a dressing-gown over his night-shirt.

The outbreak occurred in the kitchen of the officers' mess, and was not put out until after an hour's work by the fire picket of the regiment and the Windsor Fire Brigade.

INGENIOUS RIDDLE.

From Miss Winnie Briggs, a fifteen-year-old Littlehampton girl, we have received the following ingenious conundrum:—

Query: What reason have we for thinking that English men and women have become more vain within the last few months? Answer: Because they never fail now to spend a long time every day looking into the Mirror.

"CLIFFORD'S INN."

Dr. Clifford has floated his company for the establishment of a temperance public-house in connection with his social work in the Kensal New Town district. The capital required is £5,000 in £1 shares, of which £3,000 will be expended in the construction of the "public-house."

In this men will be allowed to smoke, but betting will be tabooed. A good many applications have been received for shares in the enterprise, which will be known as "Clifford's Inn."

INTERESTING NEW OPERA.

A new opera, entitled "The King's Prize," by Alick Maclean, will be produced at the Royal Theatre on Friday evening, the 29th inst. The work is founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward," being an entirely new version of a three-act opera by the same composer, which, though published, has never been performed.

It will be remembered that in 1895 Mr. Alick Maclean won, in an open competition, with his one-act opera "Petrucio," which was produced at Covent Garden, the prize of £100 offered by Madame Moody and Charles Manners.

H.M. sloop Cadmus, after going through her steam trials, left Sheerness yesterday for Australia.

At Liverpool Thomas Darcy, prisoner at Walton Gaol, was sentenced to six weeks, on the expiration of his sentence, for severely assaulting a warder.

Mr. Chamberlain has joined the Compatriots' Club, which has been formed to advance the ideal of a united British Empire.

Prince Francis of Teck has been appointed a vice-president of the Middlesex Hospital to fill the vacancy created by the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who was a vice-president for over fifty-three years.

At an inquest on the body of a three-year-old child at Whitechurch, which had been burnt to death through its flannellette nightdress catching fire, the mother admitted that another of her children had been similarly burnt. The woman was severely censured.

SOLDIER BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

Bugler Smyth, of the Royal Engineers, stationed at Plymouth, was working with a party at Fort Bovissand when he saw a snake on the ground which he seized. The reptile turned and bit his hand.

The hand and arm turned black, and swelled right up to the shoulder, and Smyth, in great pain and vomiting, had much difficulty in getting back to the barracks. He is now recovering in hospital, but the hand and arm are still badly swollen.

TO PRESERVE NAVAL SECRETS.

In connection with the development of Portsmouth as the headquarters for the submarine flotilla, the Admiralty propose to provide a floating dock for the craft.

Hitherto a small dock in the dockyard has been used, but this is inconvenient, difficult to keep private, and is badly needed for docking destroyers and torpedo-boats. The new floating dock will be moored in the upper reaches of Portsmouth Harbour, where it will be inaccessible to outsiders.

KILLED IN A STEEPLECHASE.

Early yesterday morning Mr. T. Horsfall, aged twenty-three, youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Horsfall, J.P., of Rosfield, Clithorne, died at Ribblesdale Arms, Gisburn, from injuries received whilst riding his brother's horse in the Pendle Forest Hunt Steeplechase on Wednesday afternoon. The horse collided with a tree, and deceased was thrown violently against the trunk, receiving shocking injuries to his head and also internal injuries.

CHARMING ACTRESS ANNOYED.

Miss Edna May has been greatly annoyed by communications from tradesmen and others, from which it would appear that a person, by representing herself as "Miss Sadie May," her cousin, as "Miss Jane May," her sister, but more often as Miss Edna May herself, has endeavoured to secure goods, and has obtained loans of money.

Miss May requests that anyone having any information that might lead to the detection of such person will at once communicate with the police authorities or with Mr. J. D. Langton, 2, Paper-buildings, Temple.

WANTED TO BE KILLED.

He wanted to be killed. He wanted a long, long sleep, said George Manning, a fairly well-dressed young man, when asked why he was walking on the line at Charing Cross Station.

Then, seeing a train coming in he deliberately walked towards it and force him to be used to get him off the line. At Bow-street Police Court yesterday he was remanded.

DRIVEN FOR FIFTY-FIVE YEARS.

A hale and hearty old gentleman, who occupies the box of one of the Atlas' buses, has been driving one of these ponderous vehicles in London for fifty-five years.

He drove the first bus that plied between Camden Town and Charing Cross, and people journeying on this route then often had to wait three hours for a bus. Now there are 180 on the road, and they run every few minutes. "But you must remember," the old driver remarked, "Kentish Town was then mostly fields, and farms stood where now there are rows of houses."

THEFT FROM A LETTER-BOX.

When Henry Martin, fifteen, of no occupation, living at Stratford, was charged at West Ham Police Court with stealing three letters from a letter-box, the court missioner said that the lad's mother being in an asylum he was practically allowed to run about as he liked.

The missioner said the Church Army would find the lad a situation, and he was bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.

LOST IN LONDON.

Two mysterious disappearances in London were made public at the West London Police Court yesterday. Mrs. Whitlock, living at Hammer-smith, applied for help in finding her little child, a girl aged 3½ years, who has been missing since Tuesday. The mother stated that she went to fetch an elder child from school, leaving this child at home, and on her return she found that the little thing had gone, and she supposed she followed her up the street.

Mrs. Honeyburn, of Fulham, said her husband, Ernest Honeyburn, local superintendent of agents in the service of the Prudential Insurance Company, disappeared from home on the 19th inst. He was a teetotaler, and there was nothing to account for his absence.

Later in the day Mrs. Honeyburn's application was tragically answered. Her husband's body was found on the foreshore of the Thames near Chelsea. There is as yet no explanation of how the deceased got into the river.

Luton is working night and day at present turning out summer hats.

For stealing a sovereign from his brother Leonard Brevin, twelve, was, at Smethwick, sentenced to receive six strokes with a birch rod.

"It is one of the most common things for a man and his wife to play into one another's hands and do the tradesman's," said Judge Rentoul at the City of London Court yesterday.

Mr. John Hyland, an inspector on the Great Eastern Railway, who died at Walthamstow, served as a Papal guard many years ago under Pius IX. during the war between the Italians and the Papacy.

The Automobile Club have arranged a motor-van parade for April 30, when prizes will be given for the smartest vans. The vehicles will meet at 3 p.m. on the Thames Embankment, and, after judging, will proceed to Hyde Park Corner. Already some 75 vehicles are promised.

STRANGE WILL PROVISIO.

Mr. Julius Jacobs has resigned his position as councillor at Liverpool, and paid the statutory fine, because under a clause in his late father's will he is precluded from taking any share in public or municipal work for a period of twenty years.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

"Christianity is a magnificent thing and business is a magnificent thing, but as a rule they should be kept in separate ledgers," said Judge Rowlands at Warrington.

He was trying a case in which defendant said he had not put in a claim for damages because plaintiff, like himself, was a professing Christian.

RAIN AND RHODODENDRONS.

At a meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society, held in the Gardens, Regent's Park, last evening, it was stated that the excessive rainfall last year had had a stimulating effect upon rhododendrons. The bloom buds this year are more than usually numerous, and the exhibition to be held in June next promises to be the best that has been held in recent years.

"DIDN'T REMEMBER BEING MARRIED."

A woman named Flannigan sought to recover £200 compensation from John Lysaght, Limited, sheet-iron manufacturers at Newport, Mon., for the loss of her husband, who was killed at their works.

Replying to the Judge, the applicant smilingly said she did not remember having been married before she wedded deceased, but defendants' counsel called a man named Boyett, who swore that he married the applicant at Newport in 1889, and produced the certificate.

The Judge said if the case proceeded he should report the matter to the Public Prosecutor, and he immediately non-suited the applicant.

BAD FIRE FOR WORKPEOPLE.

Nearly three hundred of the very poorest of the labouring classes will be thrown out of employment through a fire which destroyed the Tower Bridge Works, Mill-street, Bermondsey, yesterday morning.

The building, a four-storied one, covering a large area, was used as a rag-sorting warehouse, young men, women, and girls being chiefly employed.

The fire burnt furiously, and one hundred and fifty firemen were in attendance.

MURDERED BOY'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of George White, the victim of the hop-garden tragedy, took place yesterday afternoon in the little village cemetery of Wrocllesham in the presence of some thousands of people. Amongst the mourners was the aged father of the murdered lad. Rain fell in torrents throughout the ceremony.

All the hands engaged on the Runwick Farm were present, as was also Mr. William Trimmer, for whom deceased had worked.

CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND.

At Chapel-en-le-Frith, Joseph Hall was charged with cruelty to a cow by applying paraffin to its hide and then setting it on fire.

But it was held that the animal, having been treated with paraffin in the American method to kill parasites, was accidentally set on fire, and the Bench dismissed the case.

ILL-USED MONKEYS.

A young Italian organ-grinder was charged at the South-Western Police Court yesterday with cruelly ill-treating monkeys of which he had charge. He was with his organ in the Wandsworth-road, and to force the monkeys to go through some sort of trick he pulled their tails so severely as to make them scream out with pain, and struck them heavily blows with his fist.

The magistrate said the defendant must understand that people in this country at all events were not allowed to ill-treat animals. He would have to pay a fine of 20s.

FIGHT FOR THE RIVER.

"It had become a fight between the London County Council and himself as to who should run the steamboat service on the Thames," said Mr. Hills, of the Thames Steamboat Trust, when giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee yesterday. He was grieved to see the noble river without a service, and if the County Council would abandon their scheme he would be willing to run a service at once.

A ship valuer gave it as his opinion that in 1901 the fleet of steamers was valued at £120,359, but he was unable to say that they would fetch that now. It would depend, he said, on the state of the market.

An inquest was held by the City coroner yesterday on a boy whose death was caused by a nail in his foot running into his foot.

Another "farting damages" case has occurred at Manchester, where the fashionable coin was awarded, after a three-days' hearing, against a solicitor for malicious prosecution.

There has just been sold at Sotheby's, for £2 18s., a letter from Phil May to the editor of "Fun," asking for an engagement as comic draughtsman, and enclosing a drawing.

To avoid knocking down a little child a cyclist, riding down a hill in Liverpool, swerved and collided with a policeman, who was so severely injured that he is not expected to live.

In the course of an evening's fun in Bradford, two boys willfully smashed forty squares of glass, eight globes, and eight mantles in the public street lamps. They had to pay £2 18s. 9d. in fines and damages.

At a conference of authorities interested in the seaboard of Essex, a resolution was carried that the ravages of the sea were becoming so serious that the cost of defensive works ought to be assisted by a national grant.

WHERE FOXES ARE A PEST.

Cumberland should be the foxhunters' paradise. At an indignation meeting of farmers held in Sour Nook, a village of that county, it was stated that there were ten times more foxes than there had been a few years ago.

One farmer said that the nuisance had so much increased that they would have to put the foxes down themselves, either by shooting, trapping, or poison. Another said he knew the Cumberland Hunt had imported foxes, for he had seen them put down at the railway station.

SHAKESPEARE IN LEICESTER-SQUARE.

To-day being the three hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare it has been arranged that the members of the Shakespeare Society shall assemble round the poet's statue in Leicester-square at three o'clock, for the purpose of hearing an oration by Professor Wilson on Shakespeare's life and work.

30s. A DAY IN TIPS.

A commissionaire employed at Warwick Castle, sued in the Birmingham Sheriffs' Court for breach of promise, admitted receiving 30s. in one day in tips, though the increase in the price of admission to the castle had injured his prospects. The plaintiff was awarded £225 damages.

NO MONEY TO WIND THE CLOCK.

In order to save the cost of winding, the clock of St. Clement Dances, Strand, has been stopped. The churchwardens in their last report state that there has again been a falling off of subscribers to the Voluntary Church Rate, and the income is insufficient to pay expenses.

NEW STATUE TO CECIL RHODES.

The Cecil Rhodes Memorial Committee has purchased a central site in Market-square, Bishop's Stortford, formerly known as the Currier's Arms Inn, the licence of which has been surrendered, for the purpose of erecting the memorial to the late statesman at his native town.

NO HOME, OCCUPATION, OR FRIENDS.

Tattooed on the deceased's left forearm were an anchor and cross, two hands clasped, a shamrock, rose, and thistle, a sailor dancing, and a bracelet and dots, and on his right forearm were the figures of a sailor and female dancing on a barrel, and a bracelet.

Such was the evidence given at the inquest held at Richmond yesterday upon the body of a man found in the river. Beyond the fact that he had been discharged from Kingston Workhouse after staying there fourteen days, and that he had given the name of Wilson and said he had no home, no occupation, and no friends, nothing was known of him. The verdict was Found Drowned.

NERVOUS GIRAFFE.

The male giraffe at the Dublin Zoo is suffering from the effects of a nervous attack brought on by the noise of the hail on one of the recent stormy days pattering on the roof of the giraffe shelter. He cannot bear even the creaking of his keeper's leather gaiters.

NO RENT FOR SIX MONTHS.

The late Miss Elizabeth Haskins, of Gorse Hill, Swindon, has in her will directed that her tenants at Blunsdon and Gorse Hill are to be permitted to occupy their houses six months from the date of her death, rent free, on condition that they pay all rates and taxes and keep the property in a state of repair.

FOR YOU

THE "DAILY MIRROR,"

12, 16, and 20 pages Daily.

QUICK NEWS from "Daily Mirror" Special Correspondents everywhere, and

REUTERS'S SPECIAL SERVICE,

REUTERS'S WAR SERVICE,

CENTRAL NEWS,

PRESS ASSOCIATION,

LONDON NEWS AGENCY,

PRESS ASSOCIATION,

SPECIAL LAW & POLICE SERVICES.

Night telephone from Paris and Berlin via Paris.

Photograph Correspondents in every town in the world.

All the News by Telegraph, Paragram, and Photograph.

SQUIRE'S INTRIGUE.

Groom Awarded £1,250 Against the Master Who Stole His Wife.

"It is a most cruel case," said Mr. Barnard in the Divorce Court yesterday. "I ask for very substantial damages from the co-respondent, who broke up the petitioner's home, and has ruined the petitioner's life, and to a certain extent the lives of his children."

"Fortunately such cases are now very rare," said the President at the conclusion of the case. "I have never met with a similar case."

The story that Mr. Barnard proceeded to tell to the Court was indeed a peculiar one, and at the end of it the jury showed what they thought of the cruelty that Mr. Barnard complained of by awarding £1,250 damages to the petitioner against the co-respondent. This was Mr. Barnard's story:

In 1890 Ernest Walter Hopkins, a young man who earned his living as stud-groom on country gentlemen's estates, married his sweetheart Hannah, a young woman in his own position of life. They lived quite happily together with the



ERNEST W. HOPKINS, a stud-groom, yesterday obtained £1,250 damages from his employer, co-respondent in a divorce action.—(Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

three little children that came to them until 1896, when Hopkins obtained a situation as stud-groom at Clwinding Park, near Bonchurch, in South Wales, the residence of Mr. Vernon Harcourt Freeman.

Theatricals for the Tenant.

Like other squires, Mr. Freeman gave occasional entertainments to his tenants and the servants on his estate, and one of these entertainments, in the year 1897, took the form of private theatricals, got up by the squire's friends. Hopkins and his wife were duly invited to form part of the audience, and during the evening his wife disappeared from his side.

He thought nothing of this incident at the time, and paid very little attention when Mrs. Hopkins afterwards said to him, "What a very handsome gentleman the squire is," but eventually he came to the conclusion that the ruin of his domestic happiness dated from the night of those theatricals.

Some few weeks later a fellow-servant on the estate, a carpenter, made a disquieting suggestion to him. "Why," said the carpenter, "do you not come home early one afternoon, and watch your wife?"

"Where shall I watch?" replied the groom. "Go," said the carpenter, "to the lodge that is opposite to the lodge you live in, at the gates on the other side of the park."

In this lodge there lived two old people, former servants at the hall, who had been pensioned off. Hopkins walked into their lodge early one afternoon without announcing himself, as the carpenter had directed.

The Squire and His Wife.

He walked straight through the kitchen, and into the bedroom, and here he found his wife and to his dismay, the handsome squire.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said to his wife, but it was the squire who answered.

"Get out of my property," said the latter. "This place does not belong to you."

The groom, protesting, was then obliged to obey the squire's orders.

Hopkins sold his furniture, and sent his wife away to stay with friends in London.

He saw the unfortunate woman with her children away from the local railway station, but from inquiries he made afterwards he found that she went no further than the neighbouring junction.

From the moment when he saw his wife off on the little South Wales station Hopkins did not see her any more until he identified her many years later as the woman from whom he was seeking a divorce.

Landlady's Story.

The most extraordinary part of the story was that which followed, told by a Lowestoft landlady.

In 1893, she said, a gentleman engaged two bedrooms and a sitting-room at her house. To these quarters he brought a young woman, who, he said, was his wife, and three children. The whole family stayed with her for the next two years.

The landlady's surprise was very great indeed when her lodgers were identified as a wealthy squire and the wife of his stud-groom.

The damages that the jury awarded were larger than the groom had demanded, and the President, in pronouncing the decree nisi, said that opportunity must be given to the co-respondent, who was not represented in court, to make an objection, a course which he probably would not take.

GENERAL'S WIFE AND HER BROTHER.

Strange Domestic Situation Ends in a Painful Blackmail Charge.

Under extremely painful circumstances, the wife of Maj.-Gen. Carter, living at Ravenswood, St. John's Wood Park, appeared at Marylebone Police Court yesterday. She had found herself forced to the extremity of prosecuting her own brother for alleged blackmail. A remarkable feature divulged during the case was that Mrs. Carter's brother had for some years been in her husband's employ without the latter being aware of the fact.

The accused man, whose name is George Minns, is a painter and decorator, of Southampton-street, Kensington. For a long time past, it is alleged, he has traded on his relationship with Mrs. Carter with the object of extorting money.

"Matters at last came to such a pitch," said Mr. Gill, K.C., who appeared on behalf of Mrs. Carter, "that this sister was advised to submit no longer and to face whatever scandal might attach to the fact being known that she was related to a man in the position of the prisoner."

Unknown to Her Husband.

Mr. Gill then related how Minns had been in the employment of Mrs. Carter's husband, though the General was quite ignorant that there was any relationship between them. Taking advantage of the power he supposed he possessed over his sister, Minns, counsel continued, behaved in such a manner that it became necessary to dismiss him. It was found he had taken to drinking and pawning his employer's property. Since then he had subjected his sister to annoyance of every possible kind.

This had been taking place for ten or twelve years, and recently the annoyance had taken the form of writing letters, some of which were of a disgraceful, filthy, and disgusting character. In December of last year, Mr. Gill continued, he wrote uttering threats with reference to a gentleman whose name he mentioned, and at the same time threatened to communicate with his sister's husband and one of her husband's relatives.

Receives an Ultimatum.

The letter then went on:—

You will think that I will not dare to do such a thing. Well, if you don't write in two days from now to come to some arrangement, you shall see. Don't make any mistake, for I mean it. If I don't hear from you ask Mr. — whether he has had a letter about you.

On this occasion Mrs. Carter consulted her solicitor, who wrote to Minns, pointing out the very serious consequences to which he was rendering himself liable; but in spite of that the prisoner wrote other letters and created disturbances in his sister's house. His impression being, said counsel, that if he gave sufficient annoyance he would attain his object and be provided for, so that he would have no need to work. Only within the last few days he had threatened to take his sister's life.

Going into the witness-box Mrs. Carter said that in consequence of the annoyance which her brother

caused by hanging about the house after he had been sent to his mistress's room, she had communicated with the police and asked for protection from time to time.

Some of the letters which he had written were of such a disgusting character that she burnt them. He had also sent telegrams to her. Last summer he wrote to her saying he had met with an accident and had broken his leg, and would be a cripple for life. She sent him a few pounds. Afterwards she found out that his representations had been entirely false, and she determined not to help him again.

She refused to give him money last December when he called at the house after having previously written threatening to do something within two days unless she came to an arrangement.

Shadowing Her Carriage.

The climax was reached last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Carter went out for a drive and found that she was being followed by her brother, who had been waiting in Ordnance-road. She directed her coachman to drive to the police station, and on the way she spoke to a policeman. For a time she lost sight of her brother, but found him waiting outside the house when she returned.

When she threatened to give him into custody he said: "I will make it hot for you; I will do for you." As she went into the house he shouted out: "I will make it hot for you; I will ruin you."

In consequence of her brother's conduct, she told the magistrates, she was going in fear of her life, for she knew him to be quite capable of violence.

Brother's Cross-Examination.

When Mrs. Carter had finished his story the prisoner put a series of questions to her from the dock. "Was it not through the gentleman you carried on with, and who gave you a black eye, that I came to you?" he asked.

Mrs. Carter: What do you mean? That is wicked.

The Prisoner: Did you not "round" on me because I told the groom the truth about our family relationship?

Mrs. Carter: I didn't know that you did. It was untrue, Mrs. Carter added, that she sent the prisoner a wire saying that the gentleman now in court had gone away and would not return. It was also untrue that she took him to Yarmouth races with his money, and then deserted him. His coming to London in an assumed name was the work of her sister, and not hers.

The Magistrate: What about the letters in question?

The Prisoner: I admit sending them. In explanation of his visit to the house last Saturday Minns told a detective that he had gone for the purpose of seeing his brother-in-law, from whom he had some money. He did not know that he had annoyed his sister, he told the magistrates, but if he had been sorry, and would not do it again. Mr. Carter Bennett committed him for trial, allowing bail.

FAMOUS CASE RECALLED.

Monson, of the "Ardlamont Mystery," in South Africa.

Monson, of "Ardlamont mystery" fame, who was on July 3, 1893, sentenced to five years' penal servitude, is now in South Africa.

The authorities were induced to agree to his departure from England, where by the terms of an ordinary ticket-of-leave licence he should remain to report himself to the police, as it was desirable to assist him to escape from the influence of his former associates.

The crime for which he was sentenced, together with Hector Honour and Metcalfe, was one of fraud, but he had previously become famous in connection with what was known as the Ardlamont mystery.

Monson invited Cecil Hambrough, the youthful owner of Steephill Castle, near Ventnor, to an estate he had hired at Ardlamont, in Scotland, for some shooting. The guest was found killed by gunshot, and the question arose whether this was by accident or otherwise. The case aroused the greatest interest throughout the country, which the Scotch jury's verdict of "not proven" did little to allay.

Monson started his adventurous life at Cape-town, where he held an official position. After he had married a wealthy Yorkshire lady he returned to England, and became in turn Army coach, tutor, private schoolmaster, and financial and insurance agent. He at different times lived in Yorkshire and the Isle of Man, where he occupied a position of considerable social importance.

Later he found himself in dire financial straits, and the insurance companies contested his claim for compensation on the destruction of his Isle of Man residence by fire.

He then turned the provincial music-halls with a conjuror, presenting a missing man trick.

It is hoped that he has at last settled down to a useful career under a new name in South Africa.

STRENUOUS PEACEMAKER.

Brought before the Lambeth magistrate yesterday for being drunk and fighting with two men in Croxted-road, Dulwich, in the early hours of the morning, Griffith Davies, an actor, said that the two men were his brothers. He denied that he was fighting with them.

One of the brothers was present in court, and denied that the prisoner was drunk. "As a matter of fact," the witness added, "he was not fighting at all but was trying to make peace between myself and my brother."

"Perhaps he would have made peace better if he had not had too much to drink," the magistrate remarked, and fined the delinquent 5s.

COINER'S STRANGE CAREER.

Quack Doctor, Women's Adviser, and Expert in "Sweating" Sovereigns.

One of the most daring schemes of recent times for manufacturing counterfeit coin and extracting gold from sovereigns by the process known as "sweating" has been effectually checked through the alertness of the police. Yesterday, at the Old Bailey, Ralph Appleton, a man of considerable attainments as a student of science, and as a practical engineer and metallurgist, was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude for his connection with the "Lambeth Mint," the title by which the premises he occupied in Tyer-street, Vauxhall, have been known.

His companion in crime, Frederick Brooker, who took a minor share in his schemes, was sent to hard labour for eighteen months.

The principal evidence against the prisoners during yesterday's proceedings was given by Detective-sergeant Beard, who described how, at a post office near Newington Butts, three gold coins tendered by Brooker were obtained by him from the counter-clerk. When tested later by an analyst of the Mint the sovereigns were found to have "sweated" or diminished from 1s. 9d. to 1s. 2d.

Subsequently a search of the premises in Tyer-street brought to light batteries, metals, a crucible, acids, impresses of florins, and milling tools.

The Detective Lost Him.

The officer admitted that one day after seeing Appleton in a Westminster post office he lost sight of him.

Appleton: You lost me, eh? You're a smart detective, aren't you?

Mr. Justice Darling: I don't see that you have anything to complain of, Appleton, because the detective lost you.

The detective then produced and described the uses and application of various electric batteries, a bottle of double cyanide of potassium, some milling appliances, and sheet German silver used for facing copper discs used in the base florins.

He went on to say that Appleton had pretended to be a medical man, and had acted as a quack doctor. He had also ascertained that he had been in communication with various ladies.

His Lordship: In what way?

Sergeant Beard: Advising them, my lord. He added that Appleton spent some time in the service of a quack doctor. In fact, the prisoner went to him pretending he was an M.D. from America. Replying to further questions the officer said that during his search at Tyer-street he found packets of various herbs, which he was informed were used for certain purposes.

Appleton, interposing, declared that there were numerous medical books at Tyer-street, and said he had made a long study of the primary cause of cancer. He denied that any of the letters said to have been written by him contained anything of an incriminating character.

Curious Correspondence with Women.

The Judge went through a number of the documents, in some of which the prisoner was addressed as "Dr. R. Cameron Appleton." One letter was written by a nurse at Sydenham in October, 1902, on behalf of a lady whose case it was declared was urgent, and must be settled at once.

Mention was then made of a man on board a certain ship coming from America. The writer added: "Do you give my very best love to her. She also wants you for another job concerning the adoption of a baby. Write her at once." In a postscript the writer said she had called twice, but had failed to see Appleton. She asked him not to call upon her, but to write, as she was never at home and was "looking out for another show, and must get one. You will find the money all right. It is as easy as A B C."

Mr. Smith, assistant assayer at the Royal Mint, described tests which he applied to newly-made sovereigns, the means adopted being similar to those used by the prisoners, and the result of three hours' similar treatment was to deprecate the coin by 1s. 9d.

Cross-examined by Appleton, the witness admitted that it would take a long time to make a fine counterfeit florin, but afterwards the operation of producing any number of duplicates would be simple enough.

When the case for the Crown had closed, Appleton called as witness on his behalf a young woman who was in his service when he owned a dairy at Brixton some years ago. She said she had visited the Tyer-street house several times, but had not seen anything suspicious. Other witnesses whose names were called failed to answer.

It was not till late that the jury returned their verdict of Guilty in the case of both the accused, and the Judge then passed the sentences which have been recorded above.

FUNERAL GAITIES.

Sometime ago there was a funeral from the police barracks at Donabate, near Dublin, followed by a gathering of relatives and friends. Included among the latter was Mrs. Murray, the wife of a local publican, and William Job, then a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but since pensioned. Late in the evening, Mrs. Murray, accompanied by Job, returned to her husband's house and partook of several drinks.

A subsequent discovery by Murray ended in his bringing an action in the Dublin Court yesterday to recover damages from Job, who, giving evidence, denied an allegation of misconduct made against him. He said there were drinks and recitations at Mrs. Murray's house.

The Lord Chief Justice: What recitation did you give? The address of Sergeant Buzfuz to the jury. The jury awarded Murray £50 damages.

PARADE OF ONE-EYED "PRISONERS."

Arrested for warehouse-breaking at Leroy-street, Brompton, a young labourer named John Mahoney was taken to the police station.

Mahoney has only one eye, and in fairness to him when brought up for identification seven other men kept their left eyes closed. He was, nevertheless, picked out from among the group, and at the Southwark Court complained of persecution.

A detective-sergeant stated Mahoney was now on ticket-of-leave. He was remanded.

PLAYING AT "PORT ARTHUR."

London Street Arabs Catch the War Fever.

The war between Russia and Japan has aroused the martial spirit of the London street urchins, and in the poorer districts the siege of Port Arthur on a mimic scale is performed nightly.

This is especially noticeable in neighbourhoods where the roads are up, as the trenches dug by the workmen come in handy for the besieged to use as a first firing line. Balls of mud, pieces of coke, coal, blocks of wood, pick handles, and tin bathtubs are the principal weapons of warfare.

The only difficulty apparently is to persuade some of the boys to be Russians, as they all want to be Japs.

An amusing scene was enacted in a small turning off Red Lion-street yesterday evening.

A number of street urchins had built up a fort composed of empty cases, barrels, oil cans, and sand, to represent Port Arthur.

The Jap besiegers, armed with brooms, sticks, and a quantity of potatoes—looted from a shop in the vicinity—gave the besieged Russians a very interesting time indeed.

The captain received a black eye, and lost most of his clothing. Then his mother, a powerful-looking Hibernian lady, suddenly attacked the besiegers with a broom-handle. In the confusion which followed a chunk of coal was hurled from Port Arthur and went through the window of a chandler's shop.

At the same moment another enemy, in blue uniform, with bright buttons, who had been cruising in Red Lion-passage, suddenly hove in sight. The besiegers immediately fled on all sides, and no one was left to explain things to the policeman, except the excited Irish woman and the indignant shopkeeper.

VERSATILE CRIMINAL.

MANSEILLES, Thursday.

A notorious criminal, Henri Bonnefoi, nicknamed the "Impregnable," has been captured on board a mail steamer at Djibouti, en route for Saigon.

Bonnefoi was a former member of a gang of thieves who carried on their operations in the neighbourhood of Paris, and is suspected of having committed two murders in addition to numerous burglaries. He is an Anarchist, and has been at various times a hotel manager, ship's cook, waiter, and artisan. His last crimes were the robbery of a Cathedral at Abbeville last year, when a policeman was murdered, and in 1902 he was convicted with the murder of a jeweller at Narbonne, whose shop he rifled.

The Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress have resolved to protest against the increase of 2d. per pound on the tea duty.

THE "MIRROR" IS THE JOURNAL FOR BUSY PEOPLE—ALL THE

BEAUTIES OF THE 1904 SEASON.

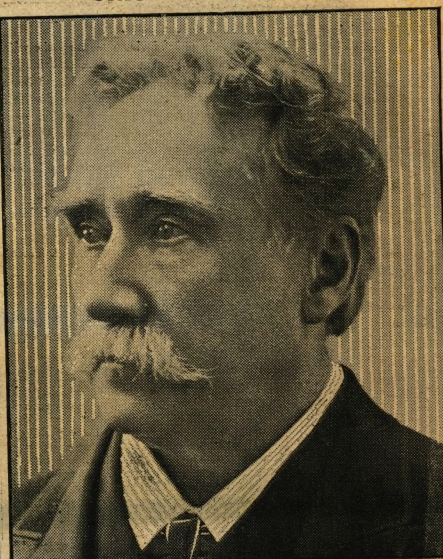
STAGE VETERAN DEAD.

LITTLE PRINCESS



No. 1.—MISS MEYESY-THOMPSON.

Several dances have already been arranged this year in her honour.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)



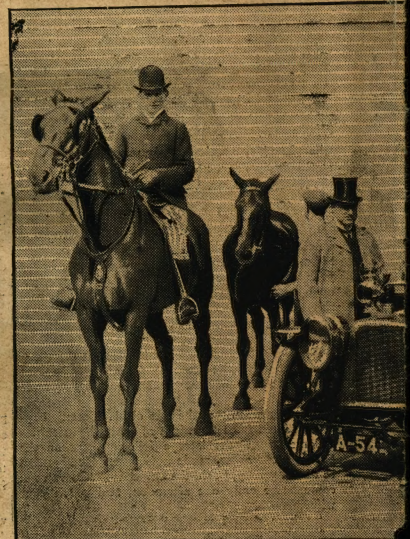
Mr. John Coleman, one of the last of the "old school" of actors, has just died, aged seventy-two. He played with Macready, and was a friend of Phelps, and wrote over one hundred plays.—(Photograph by Ellis and Wallery.)



Princess Mary, the daughter of the King, will be seven years old on Monday.—(Photograph by J. J. Jessel.)

PRINCE OF WALES'S HORSE

RESTORED TO HEALTH
ONCE MORE.



Training the Prince of Wales's horses to the sound of the bugle.—(Photograph by Stanton, motor expert to the King and the Prince of Wales.)

AMBASSADOR RETURNS HOME.



Sir Charles Scott, who has retired from his position as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, leaves for England to-day.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

RECORD BILLIARD BREAK.



Stevenson made a record billiard break of 788 in his match against Dawson, at Newcastle.



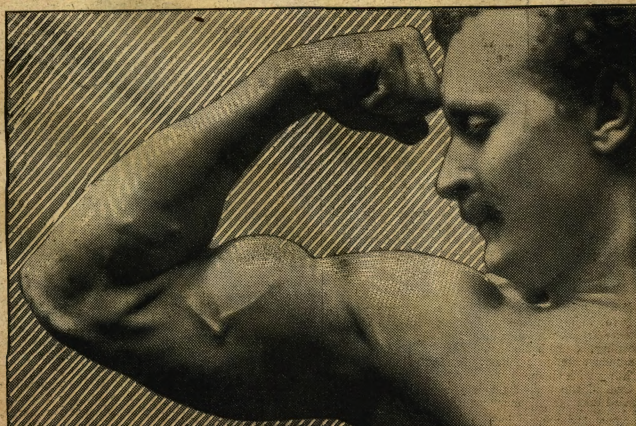
Lady Mary Sackville, who has just recovered from a serious illness.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

PRUSSIAN PRINCE'S HOST.



Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, G.C.B., who has been entertaining Prince Henry of Prussia.—(Photograph by Maull and Fox.)

MR. EUGEN SANDOW WRITES FOR THE "MIRROR."



Mr. Sandow, the famous strong man, is writing an interesting series of articles for the "Mirror," in which he teaches women how to be both strong and beautiful.

A DUBLIN PRIZE WINNER



First Prize Hereford Bull, a winner at the Dublin Show, owned by Mr. Herbert Richard Hall.—(Photograph by Maull and Fox.)

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH, PARAGRAPH, AND PHOTOGRAPH.

ARY'S BIRTHDAY.

VISCOUNT INGESTRE MARRIED TO-DAY.



Princess of Wales, will
April 25.—(Photograph by Ralph,
m.)

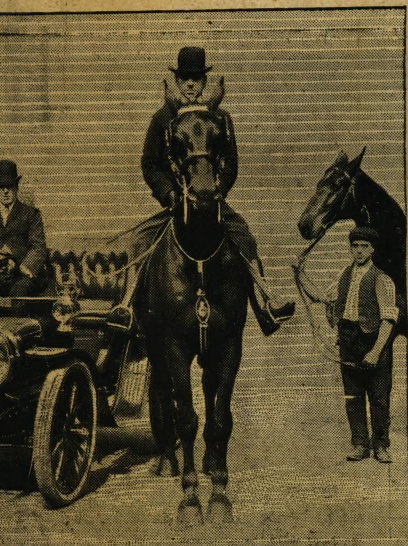


Viscount Ingestre, of the Royal Horse Guards, the only
son of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, whose wed-
ding to Miss Winifred Paget takes place to-day.—
(Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.)



Miss Winifred Paget, to be married to-day to Viscount Ingestre, at St. Peter's
Church, Eaton-square.—(Photograph by Lillie Charles.)

TRAINED TO THE MOTOR-CAR.



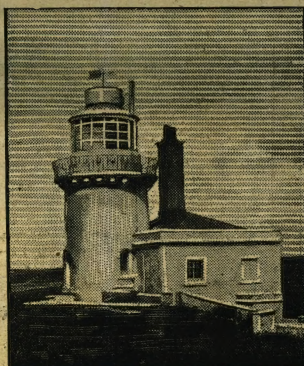
and smell of the motor-car. In the car is Mr. Oliver
Wales.—(Photograph by "The Biograph Studio.")

MOTHER OF THE QUEEN'S
GOD-DAUGHTER.



Lady Norreys, who presented her
daughter, Alexandra, a goddaughter
of the Queen, at last night's Court.—
(Photograph by Lafayette.)

LIGHTHOUSE HOTEL.



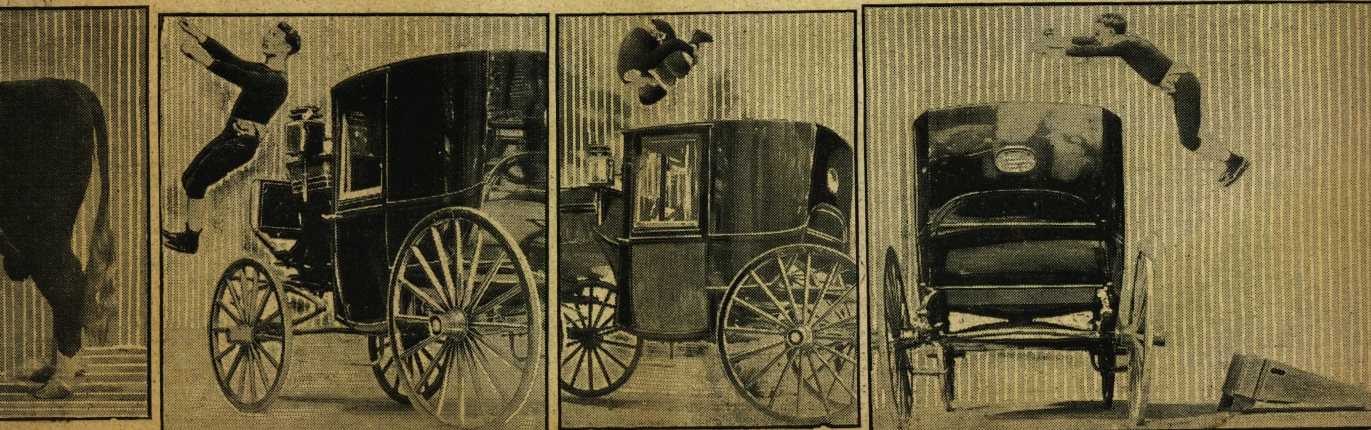
The old Belle-Toute lighthouse, near
Seachy Head, which has just been
opened as an hotel.

A BRAVE CONSTABLE.



Police-constable Funnell, 82H,
has been presented with a
framed testimonial for rescu-
ing a child from a burning
house.

A FRENCH JUMPER AT THE PAVILION MUSIC HALL.



agricultural Show. a day
F. P. DiArcy. M. Hoyland, a Frenchman, who is appearing at the Pavilion, claims to be the champion jumper. To jump over a four-wheeled carriage is no new feat,
but M. Hoyland claims he performs it better than his rivals.—(Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.)

HOW I GOT MY DAUGHTERS MARRIED.

MATCHMAKING MOTHER.

SEVEN DAUGHTERS SETTLED IN LIFE.

"Everybody said when my girls were little and in the schoolroom, 'Poor Mrs. Browne, what an awful thing to be the mother of seven daughters. You'll never marry half of them.'" I said nothing, but I bided my time, and Betty, my youngest, was married off last yesterday.

"How did I set about it? Well, the process was simple. First of all I gave the girls a good education, with some accomplishments—not too many. Men are frightened by a "superior" girl. I had them taught to sing a simple ballad and to play a waltz. I made them learn to dance, and ride, and skate, and to cook, and make their own dresses.

The last two were special points. Men love a useful girl, and adore one who has inexpensive ways. I used to dress my girls simply, and let them make the plainest frocks themselves. When they had on a cheap but becoming costume it told immensely to the plainer to a young man that he mustn't tell—he really mustn't—but dear Ethel's frock cost only sixpence a yard. Wasn't it absurd? And the child had insisted on making it herself.

Annette's Little Cake.

Just so with cookery. We always had their cakes at afternoon tea, and their little dishes at dinner, and the guests, it was insisted upon, must give their opinion of dear Annette's cooking, and say what they thought of the flavouring.

We had a roomy house, though not a grand one, and a tennis lawn. All the summer through we had tennis every Saturday afternoon, and asked all the men we knew; and all through the winter we had fortnightly carpet dances. It wore out the carpet, to be sure; but what was that? One must make some sacrifice, and the cost was nothing.

Men flock to a house where there is no formality. I let them feel they were perfectly welcome to come and go as they liked, and that their intentions would never be called in question however often they came. That last stroke finished it. If a man thinks he is going to be entrapped it makes him wary; where he thinks himself secure his doom is sealed. Men grew to think mine the pleasantest house in the place and to delight in it. By-and-by they wanted one like it for themselves, and thought they would secure it by walking off with one of my daughters.

Once a year we took the girls for a little run on the Continent—not more than two at a time at a time. You meet heaps and heaps of Englishmen travelling abroad, and you get so friendly with them.

Treasures by Instalments.

I never had out more than two girls at a time. A shoal of girls alarms men and makes them undecided. They don't know which to choose among them. However, my Ethel and my Agnes married in their first season, and they didn't take their first offers either. I made only one stipulation about their marriages.

"My dears," I said, "I cordially consent on condition that you will constantly have one of your sisters to stay with you."

This achieved two purposes. It enabled me to bring out three girls together instead of two, and it gave them a tremendous additional chance of matrimony. A nice young girl staying with a young married sister affords an irresistible attraction to any man.

Yes, certainly, I ought to think myself lucky. It is only six years since Ethel came out, and Betty was married yesterday; absurdly young, as everybody says; but it was a chance I couldn't refuse. And yet none of my girls was particularly pretty, or at all clever, or remarkable in any way. But there was one thing I used to tell them:

"People can't make themselves beautiful, or talented, or witty, my dears, but any girl can make herself agreeable. Show men you want to be nice and take an interest in them, and you'll find they'll take an interest in you."

They followed my advice, every one of them, and see where they are to-day.

FADS OF THE SEASON.

A VOGUE FOR FANCIFUL ROSETTES.

One of the prettiest of fashion's fancies is the flat rosette of ribbon with a paste buckle in the middle of it. It is called the cockade. Another is the windmill bow, with a fancy rhinestone bow sewed in the middle. Still another fad is a metal button, with a little frill of lace set round it. And there is also a ribbon choux, with wings like those of a butterfly, and a long, slender pin fastened in the centre to represent the body of the butterfly.

The covering of button boules may make a very fascinating and wholly useful pastime for the woman who is ingenious. Some are covered with silk, and are then painted by hand with water-colours. Others are covered with velvet, and are set in the centre of lace knots with tabs to match hanging from the knot.

As this is to be a season of quaintly charming ornaments, do not forget the little rosettes of lawn and of linen which are so plentifully used to trim summer dresses. They are made of long strips of linen, doubled and gathered. The string is pulled up until a rosette is formed; every woman knows how to make them. Their province will be to trim washing dresses, and they will be placed upon the cuffs, the belt, the stock, and the yoke.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

THE PERIL OF AN EMPIRE. By Robert Johnston. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Suppose that at the time of our defeats in South Africa a plot had been hatched in Paris for overthrowing President Loubet, putting a popular General in his place, and making war on England with Russia's approval. Suppose, also, that a scheme was about to blow up Woolwich Arsenal, cut the cables, and explode the submarine mines at the entrance to the Thames, so that a French fleet might sail up and bombard London.

Naturally a well-known politician would be mixed up in the plot. Probably the Government official whose duty and good fortune it was to defeat the plotters would be an love with this politician's niece. Certainly, those who followed the course of such events would be introduced to all sorts of people and scenes in all grades of society.

There you have in a nutshell the skeleton of Mr. Robert Johnston's story, "The Peril of an Empire" (6s.), published to-day by Chatto and Windus, and very skilfully are its bones clothed with flesh. This is a really convincing and exciting mystery tale, calculated to thrill and interest even the most hardened of novel-readers.

THE KING'S FOOL. A Romance. By Michael Barrington. (Blackwood. 6s.)

The pages of a delightful romance, which has just been given to the world by Michael Barrington, author of "The Reminiscences of Sir Barrington Beaumont, Bart.," are "inscribed, with sincere homage to Agnes Egerton Castle." It is of Mr. Maurice Hewlett that the medieval fascinations of Mr. Barrington's story remind one—with its pictures of light-hearted troubadours prancing through meadows starred with daffodils, fair princesses, jongleurs, and all the pageantry of life in those old medieval times.



HAWKSLEY'S AIDS for the DEAF

May be seen and tested WITHOUT CHARGE

Or a profusely illustrated Catalogue of 84 pages will be forwarded post free for 5 stamps.

Sole Address: T. HAWKSLEY, 357, OXFORD ST., W.

GRANDMOTHER'S CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

MENU FOR A CHILD OF THREE.

(In response to G. T.)

Children from one to three years old should be fed as follows: At breakfast they should have a basin of boiled bread and milk or porridge, and now and then, for a change, a newly-laid egg, lightly boiled, with bread and butter, and a cup of warm milk to drink. Dinner being the principal meal of the day, they may have some roasted potatoes or batter-pudding, soaked in gravy from mutton meat; or vegetable soup; stewed fruit, with rice or coniaur, may follow, and ballad sliced water to drink. At tea-time, bread and butter, fresh milk, and fruit; and at supper, bread and milk, bread and butter, or any other light food may be given.

HOW TO COOK EGGS FOR A BABY.

The first way to cook an egg for a baby is in a soufflé. Beat the white of the egg stiff, with a pinch of salt; set the glass containing it in a pan of warm water in the oven, so the white rises drop in the whole yolk; take it out as soon as it has risen or it will shrink to nothing at the touch of a spoon; stir the yolk well into the white, and feed to baby. If your child wishes for a soft-boiled egg, put it on the fire to cook in cold water, let it slowly heat, and when it reaches the boiling point (not the simmering or bubbling one) the egg is just done. Do not give an egg often than every second day, or baby will get tired of them. Give baby plenty of water to drink; also, if he needs them, let him have the juice of a very sweet orange, or the juice of stewed plums. I should give those about midway between meals.

WHY SO MANY SPECTACLES?

(In response to Mrs. Tighe.)

One of the reasons why so many of our little children are wearing spectacles is because in infancy they are often so placed in cots or cradles that they sleep or awaken with the little lenses in their eyes exposed too much to the sunlight.

Mothers should remember not to let the baby waken with his eyes looking on a small window. The retina, the darkened chamber, behind the pupil, receives the light, and this little chamber is the most delicate piece of machinery in our anatomy. We realize how older people suffer from the glare. If babies could speak they would regret at the carelessness of some mothers and nurses.

Added to this is the fact that science has found many ways of correcting the faults of eyesight by the wearing of proper spectacles in youth, and in course of time it will be noticeable that fewer grown-up people have spectacles on them now, owing to their having worn them in childhood.

THE TREATMENT OF EARACHE.

(In response to Ethel's Nurse.)

Earache, so often common with little children, is a severe pain, and is usually accompanied by a sharp scream. The pain is likely to be prolonged and continuous. Twenty drops of warm water should be put into the ear, and a hot-water bag may be held against the ear. A good device, recommended by a doctor, is to fill the little finger of a kid glove with hot salt, and insert this in the ear before the heat is applied upon the outside.

Then, again, warm glycerine may be dropped into the ear from a teaspoon, and as this is a remedy that can quickly be procured, it is a worthy one to remember. Be sure neither the spoon nor the glycerine is painfully hot. You can heat the glycerine in the spoon over a candle.

THE HOUSEWIVES' BUREAU.

A BATCH OF USEFUL HINTS.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING.

(Miss E. Hughes, 598, Rousell-road, Forest Gate, E.) Take 4oz. of butter, 4oz. of castor sugar, 1 egg, 5oz. of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one large tablespoonful of strawberry jam.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one by one, and beat them in well; add the large tablespoonful of strawberry jam, sieve the baking powder with the flour, and stir it lightly in.

Place it in a well-greased mould and steam it for two hours.

SAUCE FOR THE ABOVE.

Put a dessertspoonful of jam into a saucepan with half a teaspoonful of water and a tablespoonful of sugar. Boil it to a syrup, thicken it with a teaspoonful of corn flour, and when the pudding is turned out strain the sauce into a sauceboat and serve.

FOR CYCLISTS.

A hot bath, in which a tablespoonful of ammonia has been poured, will be found very refreshing if taken half an hour after a long ride.



Woman's Delight!

THE "DALLI" BOX IRON.

The "Dalli" is the best Box Iron, doing away with the worries of the old system. No gas, no fire, no smell. Heat in a few minutes, and remains hot. No changes of iron. Self-heating with medicinal fuel. Can be used anywhere without interruption, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the time. More economical than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" 2s. 6d. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel 1s. 6d. per box of 25 Blocks. To be kind of all requirements. If any difficulty apply to: The Dalli Smokeless Fuel Co., 27, Milton St., London, E.C.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT AMERICAN DENTIST

J. V. Lyon D.D.S.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."

LANCET

"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

BORWICK'S POWDER

THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD.

£7 : 19 : 6 WORLD'S WONDER.

Or at 10s. Monthly. Half Price Wheel-Chairer Tyres. Very cheap second-hand Cycles. Motor Bicycles. 3d. tires. Write for Free List.

THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. LTD.
(24, Bank, E. GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON.)

BATH CHAIRS AND BABY CARRIAGES.

Supplied on Easy Terms from 6/- per Month.

Enjoying the use of same while it is being paid.

Designs Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS & Co., Limited.
51, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, and Branches.

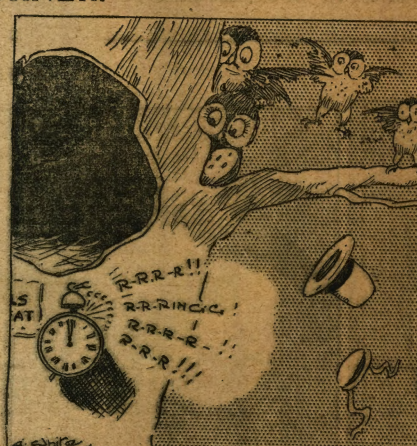
OUR WEEKLY CHILDREN'S CORNER.



"Look what I've got, Maria," cried Papa Wise Owl, as he flew up to hollow-oak nest. "Somebody has sent me a birthday present. 'Oh, how sweet,' chirped Mrs. Owl. 'But what is it?' 'That I can't tell,' answered Papa Owl; 'but it will make a lovely ornament for our front door.'"



When the new ornament was fixed in its place the Owls' Retreat looked quite the smartest house in the wood, and the owl family went to sleep, a proud and happy band. Of course, they didn't know anything about the funny ways of an alarm clock, so they weren't quivering in their feathers with expectation.



But when twelve o'clock came they had a terrible shock, for the alarm bell suddenly went off without any warning—and, oh, the noise it made! Mrs. Owl screamed and Mr. Owl hooted, and the little owlets were so staggered that they reeled from their perches. And what was worse, they all refused to go to bed again after it had stopped, and caught very bad colds. So Papa Owl hopes no one will give him a birthday present next year.

BANK NOTE MYSTERIES.

Strange Vicissitudes of Lost and Stolen Paper-Money.

Appropos of the strange story told at Lincoln Bankruptcy Court by Mr. George Marshall, of Retford, formerly collector to the Duke of Newcastle, as to the mysterious loss of £12,000 in banknotes while staying at the Hotel Metropole, London, in January, a number of extraordinary incidents are recorded in which the "crisp paper" has figured.

One day a London medical student was busily dissecting away at a "head and neck," when, having removed the skin and superficial muscles, he came down upon the larynx.

It was distinguished by a sordid, foreign body, and he carefully cut away the cartilages and exposed the interior.

There lay, tightly impacted, a ball of paper. It was removed and unfolded—and discovered to be—blood-stained and crumpled—a £5 note.

The professor of anatomy to whom the find was entrusted, made inquiries as to the antecedents of the "subject," and it was found that the body was that of a notorious grottoer who, having robbed an old man, was pursued by the police and had escaped, but, fearing detection, he swallowed the note, and had died of its sticking in his larynx and choking him.

Walked Into a Trap.

An adventuresome some time ago presented a £5 note at a London druggist's in payment for a shilling bottle of scent, and asked for the change. After she had placed a feigned name and address on the back of the note a messenger was sent out to cash it; but, after two or three minutes, the lady became uneasy from a misgiving that the delay was caused by the detection of the note; so she pretended to be in a hurry, ordered the change to be forwarded to the address she had given, and walked off with the purchase.

An hour later she happened to look into her purse, and found out with dismay that she had tendered a genuine note by mistake instead of a sham one; so she returned to rescue the change before the false address was discovered.

Meanwhile, however, the tradesman had forwarded the money without delay, and finding there was no such person of the name she had given at

the address, he had smelt a rat, and, anticipating the lady's return, had sent for a detective.

When the customer came back, she was identified as a well-known companion of forgers and taken into custody.

A bank clerk in the provinces was accused of stealing a note for £1,000, and though every effort was made to trace it, the result was nil.

Arrested, he was under remand to one of H.M.'s prisons, when he was suddenly seized with a severe illness, which proved fatal.

At the post-mortem, which was held subsequently, it was found that he had a most ingenious set of false teeth, and between the plate and roof of the mouth was found the missing note, covered with tissue oil-silk.

A Lucky Capture.

A few years ago a merchant of Limerick discovered a "pusher" of counterfeit banknotes in the following extraordinary manner:—

A stranger one day visited his shop, and in payment for what he received placed a new Bank of Ireland £100-pound-note on the counter, and, receiving his change, took his departure.

On each Bank of Ireland note is a list of the towns in which it has offices, amongst which is the town of Gorey, in Wexford. The merchant noticed that this was spelt "Gory," informed the police, and the stranger was arrested at once.

One of the strangest experiences of a banknote is, perhaps, the following:—

Mr. Munro, the sculptor, gave his sister a £5 note to pay a bill; she put the note in her pocket, and for a time forgot all about it, even sending her while dress to the wash without remembering it. When the dress came from the laundress, remembering her error, she looked in the pocket in a hopeless sort of way, when she found a lump of something hard, and, on damping it, saw that it was the lost note.

It was cashed at the bank on being explained that the note had been washed, boiled, starched, and pressed, which accounted for its dilapidated condition.

Reflections.

If Admiral Alexieff really resigns he would have no difficulty in getting a job as a special correspondent at the front. He would need to be quicker over writing his messages, for the report he has addressed to the Tsar on the sinking of the Petropavlovsk was only drawn up on Thursday. But the matter and the form of it might serve as models of newspaper style. The only new fact disclosed is that the Russian destroyer which was sunk made a splendid fight. "No surrender" is evidently the watchword in this war at sea. We shall soon see whether land fighting is to be conducted on the same principle.

Do not forget that this is both St. George's Day and Shakespeare Day. Wear a rose, if you can, rather in honour of our great poet than of our national saint, who was really not at all a respectable person. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," gives some lurid details of his career. Instead of killing dragons, he behaved to a number of virtuous young ladies in a dragon-like manner himself, selling them into slavery, and generally behaving not as a saint but an outrageous sinner, besides figuring in history as a dishonest army contractor.

Is it better to be an ordinary man and enjoy the level happiness which comes from love of wife and children, or to be famous at the price of putting thoughts of marriage and fatherhood out of your mind? There are some pathetic passages in Herbert Spencer's Autobiography (just out) which suggest this query.

As the difficulties of self-maintenance while pursuing a career analogous to mine are almost insuperable, the maintenance of a wife and family (he says) must, of course, be impossible. One who devotes himself to grave literature must be content to remain celibate.

Yet elsewhere he admits that a too critical mind, and a habit of saying exactly what he

thought, would probably have ruined his chances of happiness if he had married.

The great philosopher had nothing in common with those priggish pretenders to wisdom who think they are above ordinary human feelings. He loved children. At the age of seventy-three he asked a friend to "lend him some," and delighted in their company. He was a great admirer of beautiful women. If George Eliot had been better looking he would probably have taken the risk of marriage and have proposed to her. They might have been a happy couple, but in all probability it was a good thing that her looks failed to satisfy him. It is a sad thing when men and women of genius ought to marry at all. They certainly ought not to marry one another.

Most of us have suffered from the curtness and the pertness of the telephone girl, so we can sympathise with President Loubet in his latest experience at her hands. After failing for some time to get any answer from the exchange at all, the President was astonished to hear himself addressed angrily as, "You old hippopotamus." After that it was the telephone girl's turn to be astonished. However, she got off lightly enough, for the good-natured old gentleman merely gave her a good talking-to, and sent her back to her work. Her mistake was now when she answers calls in striking contrast to her zoological abusinessness of yesterday.

It is quite possible, even probable, that the average man eats more than he needs to keep him healthy and strong. But how can this be proved by experiment? The amount of food A needs is regulated by A's constitution and habits. B may not require half so much. C perhaps ought to have much more. I do not set great store, therefore, by the experiments made in the United States, which are said to prove that "the average healthy man eats from two to three times as much as would keep him sound in mind and body." Some do; some don't. We cannot get much nearer to it than that.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

JANET DESBOROUGH: A beautiful girl anxious, against her parent's wish, to go on the stage. She has undoubted dramatic talent.

JOHN GRAY: A barrister in love with Janet, who has, however, refused him.

HERBERT DAVENTRY: A scoundrelly actor who has seen Jane, the prime candidate, get herself introduced to her, and married her secretly, and to the horror of her people, in order to live on her earnings as an actress. At the end of her honeymoon he is arrested for having committed fraud as a bogus theatrical agent.

MRS. ROSS: Janet's Aunt, with whom she was staying in London at the time when Daventry lured her into a secret marriage.

CHAPTER

XIV.

Found Out.

He was her husband whom she had taken for better, for worse.

For better, for worse! The words seemed to recur like a mocking refrain in Janet's mind, as she stood in the dingy room in the Bloomsbury lodging-house with the letters in her hand about which Herbert Daventry had spoken so insistently.

"Burn the letters in the black portmanteau—burn every one!" he had whispered in desperate eagerness; and the words struck her with a sudden chill, like an icy breath from Polar seas. "Burn the letters—burn every one!"

This, then, was what he had meant in his note when he had said that everything depended on her help. What letters were they which it was so imperative should be destroyed lest they fell into the hands of the police? As she hurried on her errand to Bloomsbury Janet kept asking herself that question. Letters that he was afraid of the police finding. Yet, if he were innocent, as he protested so vehemently, what had he to fear? That one injunction of his had done more than all else to undermine her faith in his innocence of this charge. Even now she tried desperately to fight against the dawning conviction that, in spite of herself, gathered strength moment by moment. God, if he were guilty after all!

She had never been at her husband's rooms in Bloomsbury, but she knew the address, and had little difficulty in finding the house. Her heart failed her as she rang the bell of the shabby, blistered door; perhaps the landlady would have heard of her husband's arrest, would think it her duty to refuse to let her have the bag. Mrs. Preedy herself opened the door.

"I think Mr. Daventry used to stay here?" faltered Janet, her breathing through desperate anxiety that racked her was a feeling of shame and humiliation. She was the wife of a man in a police cell, and perhaps this woman knew.

"Yes, ma'am, frequent," Janet paused, trying to read the woman's face. "I think my husband left a black portmanteau in your care?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did," Mrs. Preedy was beaming. Daventry had told her on the day he left that he was going to be married; the woman scrutinised her victim with almost a personal interest. Well, her late lodger seemed to have done well; he had married money, she wouldn't won-

der. He was always one of the lucky ones. A very pretty lady, evidently not in the profession—"Lord bless you, she knew a pro. a mile away; you couldn't deceive her!"—and stylishly dressed. "To think that you're Mrs. Daventry, now," she murmured, as if it were a personal attention that gratified her. "Mr. Daventry, he stayed here reg'lar when in town, and if you'll believe me, ma'am, I was like a mother to him."

Janet felt a sense of relief. It was evident that the woman had not as yet heard of her husband's arrest.

"Yes, ma'am, he left a portmanteau and his travelling basket, which I won't deny takes up a lot of room. If you will step inside a minute; it's in Mr. Daventry's room just where he left it. It's empty now, so if you'll come upstairs, I'm sure you'll like to see the room if only for its association with your 'usband," said Mrs. Preedy, who had sentimental moments.

Janet followed her up the dingy staircase. Mrs. Preedy hung open the door of the shabby little bed-chamber, looking up with a proud air; Janet entered. So this had been her husband's home when in London; this was "the charming suite of rooms in a fine old Bloomsbury mansion" that he had spoken of to her before their marriage. And yet she was scarcely surprised to find how different was the thought came to her that every step she took on the road of her married life led her to some fresh disillusionment.

Mrs. Preedy, gasping heavily, dragged a great black portmanteau, with a cloud of dust, from under the bed. "You want to take it away with you?" she said inquiringly.

Janet looked at it doubtfully.

"If I must leave it here for the present," she said. "My—our movements are a little uncertain just now. My husband merely wanted something he had left in it. Of course I shall pay you for your trouble." She took her purse.

But Janet was graciously promised to keep it as safe as though it were in the Bank of England, and finally departed, leaving Janet alone in the room. The letters were in that portmanteau; at last she could confirm or dispel her worst fears. Then, as she unlocked the door, there was no need to read the letters; the very address on the envelope told her all. He was her husband, but he had—he had done this thing! The letters were addressed to "Mr. Mortimer."

He was guilty—guilty—guilty!

For a moment the walls of the dingy room seemed to fade, and her eyes were looking into that grey, cold church where she had stood by the altar with this man, had entered into a bond that was for life.

Janet wondered at the sudden stony calmness that came over her at this moment of revelation; wondered that she could walk so firmly out of the room, carrying the letters; wondered that her voice betrayed no emotion as she thanked Mrs. Preedy and asked where the nearest cabstand was. And yet her husband had done a cruel thing. She drove to Craven-street. In her room she burnt the letters one by one: she only glanced at one or two; these letters from the deluded victims led on by the lying promises held out to them were too pitifully pathetic. The flames leaped and curled, and she saw only a heap of grey, sizzling, ash remained of them.

It was the end of everything—of hope, of love, of illusion. She had been married little more than three weeks, and all were burnt out; only the grey ash remained. Janet's heavy eyes watched the fire. She had alienated her own

people for the sake of this man—and for what? Her love was dead; though he was her husband still, it was a bond that could never again unite them in those near ties that the word implies; she shrank in horror from the bare thought. This was an end of everything, of hope, of love, of illusion. She was alone, her life struck bankrupt, empty of purpose. What was left?

She watched the last letter burn away; the flame died out, but the charred sheet straightened itself for an instant, some words—written to her husband by one of the stage aspirants he had victimised—stood out white and distinct on the crackling black ember. The words that caught her eye were: "to become an actress."

Something was left! Her mind absorbed the message. Though she was estranged from her friends, though she could never be his wife again, something was still left to help her to try to mend her broken future, to give purpose to her life. The stage. That was left.

But the glamour of that seemed gone, too; only the thought of the hard work that was inevitable appealed to her. The hard work that would keep her from thinking too much.

The charred sheet, with its four vivid words, crumbled suddenly into ash.

CHAPTER

XV.

"Are You My Friend?"

"You must go to Gray," the man had said whose name she bore.

Mr. Gray was a barrister; he would know what was best to be done; he was her friend, too—had he not once said that he would always be her friend? Yet how could she go to him, ask him to help this man whom she knew now to be guilty? John Gray had told her that he loved her, had asked her to marry him; how could she conquer her pride to go to him of all men in the world—to lay bare her grief, to ask his help for the man to whom she had given what she had denied to him? It would have been so different, so much easier, whilst she believed him guiltless. But he was not.

Yet she must go. Though henceforth he would never be more to her than husband in name, yet he was still her husband. Even though he was guilty, she must do all that could be done for him; it was her duty.

And perhaps—the thought brought a swift flush of crimson to her face—perhaps from their marriage a new life might spring—a little life which his conviction would overshadow and taint. He must be saved, guilty though he was, if she could save him!

She walked from Craven-street along the Embankment. The day was dull and foggy, but the atmosphere harmonised with her mood. As she was entering the Temple gardens a newsboy rushed past with an armful of "special editions." On the placard he carried Janet read the words:

"Great Theatrical Frauds: An Arrest."

Soon all London would know about her husband's crime, she told herself. And the newsboys, too, would be talking of it. She went up the dark staircase until she came to a door on which his name was inscribed. She knocked hesitatingly. "Come in," answered a familiar voice from within.

She opened the door. Gray looked up from a pile of papers and stared in amazement at the unexpected figure on the threshold.

"Miss Des—Mrs. Daventry!" He jumped up and strode across the room to her, holding out his hand.

"How do you do? Won't you come in?" The cordial grip of his hand seemed to infuse a new courage into her. He was so strong a man; there was strength and character in every line of his face. She entered the room. A pleasant fire burned in the low basket grate. Gray unceremoniously bundled the litter of books and papers

that filled the easy-chair on to the floor, and made her sit down.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to see you," he said. "I'm glad you found me at home."

"I am afraid I am intruding on a very busy man," Janet said.

"I don't call such pleasant surprises intrusions," he replied.

"What a lovely fire; it looks so cosy and cheerful to one coming in from the foggy atmosphere outside," said Janet.

"It struck him that she was making talk, nervously fencing before she came to the object of her visit."

"You know then—about my marriage?" Janet said, after a little embarrassing pause, staring into the fire.

"She felt she must say something—something that would lead up to that request that would be so hard to make."

"Yes, I heard," he said, slowly, "from Mrs. Preedy. It was a great surprise to me."

Why had she come to see him? He had the feeling that some strong purpose had impelled her, that she was in some difficulty or trouble. Moreover, it was about her husband; something in her last words convinced him of that, why he hardly knew.

"You may have heard about my husband?" said Janet, slowly.

"I do not understand. I have heard nothing. Is he ill?" cried Gray, quickly.

"I forgot," she said wearily; "of course it has only just appeared in the papers."

He felt a sudden quickening of tension in the conversation that had opened so lightly. What had happened that had only just got into the papers?

"My husband has been arrested upon a charge of fraud."

He spoke the words in a low, monotonous tone, and she had looked forward with shrinking dread to uttering to him. But now she seemed almost numb of feeling as she spoke them. After all, he would have known soon, all the world would know soon.

White-hot anger blazed up in Gray; for a moment he could not trust himself to speak. He felt then that if Daventry had been within his reach he could have killed him. The man had robbed him of the woman he loved and would have cherished so only for this!

"Tell me about it," he said hoarsely.

"He was brought up at Marlborough-street Police Court this morning charged with being the man who, under the name of Mortimer, committed some theatrical frauds—"

Mortimer! The name seemed familiar to Gray; as she uttered it, a thought flashed swiftly across his mind. Mortimer had been the name that Morley, the solicitor, had mentioned, surely? He reached for his brief book, and, crossing over to the window, looked down the entries in the fading light. Here was the entry:—

"RECTORIA, on the prosecution of Jane Smith, versus MORTIMER. Brief for prosecution."

Mortimer was Daventry, her husband! He was briefed to prosecute!

He stood silent, with thoughts crowding into his brain. Mortimer and Daventry were one and the same, and he was briefed for the prosecution! A storm of passion swayed him. This man, this common swindler, who had dared to join his tainted career to her innocent white life, was his enemy and hers. And here was his revenge for the wrong this man had done her!

"You don't speak," cried the girl. "But you will help him—you will defend him? You are so clever, you can do so much. You will help him?"

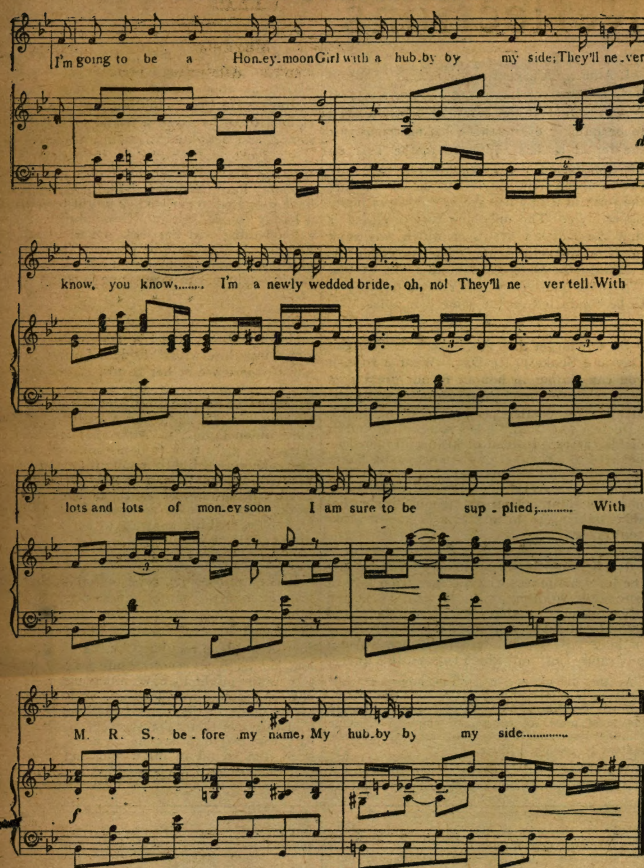
But the look on his face in the red firelight frightened her. She had never seen that look in his face before.

He gave a low, grim laugh. What was she asking? This man was her enemy—her enemy, and his! Defend him?

"I am already briefed to appear for the prosecution, when Mortimer is tried," he said.

To be continued on Monday.

THE HONEYMOON GIRL.



This pretty song, "The Honeymoon Girl," is one of the most popular numbers in "The School Girl." It was sung at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Miss Marie Studholme with great success. (Copyright by permission of Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.)

HYGIENE IN THE CHURCH.

COLOGNE, Friday.

The ecclesiastical authorities have issued instructions to the clergy for administering the Sacrament. After each communicant has taken of the wine, the cup is to be turned, so that two do not drink from the same place, and the cup is to be washed and dried at stated intervals.

NINETEEN GIRLS DROWNED.

VIENNA, Wednesday.

Twenty-four girls of Neusohl, in Hungary, had to cross the river Gran to receive their wages. They rashly crowded into a boat only built to hold six, with the result that it overturned and nineteen were drowned.

SEE TO-MORROW'S

WEEKLY DISPATCH

A PENNY EVERYWHERE.

DO
WE
OVER
EAT?

Japanese women are selling their hair to swell the War Fund. A pretty story of self-sacrifice.

The Up-to-date Newspaper.

Lord Brampton (Mr. Justice Hawkins) tells of Dr. Atkinson, whom he liked because he was so good to his dog Jack.

**BILICKS
APPROVES
OF
GRUMBLING.**

Full of the Latest Cables.

**FOOTBALL
ASSOCIATION
FINAL TIE.**

It is going to be the greatest football game in the history of the Association. "J. M. D." tells the story in his inimitable way, and "Rip" makes the pictures.

FILLED WITH BRIGHTNESS.

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

THE FOOTBALL FINAL.

An Army of Lancastrians Expected at the Palace To-day.

The thirty-third Final tie for the Football Association Cup will be decided within the sports arena at the Crystal Palace this afternoon. The competing clubs are Manchester City and Bolton Wanderers—both Lancashire teams. The latter fact has been regarded as likely to diminish the interest of Londoners in the function, but with this idea we do not agree. The Final tie is the Final tie, just as the Derby is the Derby.

Thousands of horny-handed and curiously-garbed enthusiasts left Manchester and Bolton late last night for the great Metropolis. They travelled by special train on all the available routes, and it is calculated that quite thirty thousand of them will do a sight-seeing meander through London's principal streets this forenoon.

The great northern railway companies manage these huge football excursions with wonderful facility, and at a price which is moderate in the extreme. As a rule, a charge is made which covers the railway trip, breakfast in London, a drink through its streets and on to the Palace, and tea in the evening before departing for home. Our southern railway companies, who simply extort money from the followers of horse-racing, might well take a few leaves from the books of their rivals in the north.

When the multitude has reached the Palace it will find that the most elaborate preparations have been made for its entertainment, amusement, and refreshment. The Palace caterers can seat 8,000 people at one time. Over 1,000 waiters and waitresses will dance attendance upon the hungry and thirsty football enthusiasts.

To Feed the Multitude.

There are in readiness 240,000 glasses, 120,000 cups and saucers, and 240,000 knives, forks, and spoons, as well as tons of edibles of all descriptions to give these implements of the table full occupation. There will be mountains of bread—plain and fancy—loads of beef and mutton, quite a big market-garden-full of vegetables, and cheese and butter and all such "snacks" provender by the hundredweight. While the Palace authorities do not anticipate a record attendance, they religiously make every preparation to handle one. Their experiences of the Tottenham Hotspur-Sheffield United match three years ago taught them a lesson which they are not likely soon to forget.

According to present arrangements the match will be under very distinguished patronage. Mr. A. J. Balfour, who represents East Manchester in the House of Commons, has signified his intention of being present. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, will also be there, as he has consented to hand over the Cup and distribute the medals at the close. Lord Knaird, the president of the Football Association, is hardly likely to be an absentee. With him may bring Lord Stanley and the Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane. Warner and his cricketers may also turn up, and, needless to say, they will have a tremendous reception should they do so.

As a view to the ground yesterday afternoon found everything in a state of complete preparedness. The playing pitch could not be in better condition. All the seating accommodation has been taken up, but there is still plenty of room on the Penge side of the enclosure. Over forty expert telegraphists will grapple with the work provided for them by members of the Press and public. Tickets have been issued to over 200 reporters and quite a small army of messengers will wait upon these gentlemen.

The only thing that is wanted to make the fixture a great success is fine weather. In this respect the final Cup-tie has been exceptionally lucky ever since it was taken to the Crystal Palace. Some rain is prophesied for this afternoon, however, but nothing short of a deluge is likely to damp the enthusiasm of the men from Manchester and the boys from Bolton, whatever effect it may have upon those whose interest in the affair is not so direct.

The City Team.

The Manchester City team came to town on Thursday from their training ground at Northbrook Hall, near Blackpool. They went straight off to Sydenham, where they found very comfortable quarters at Belfor House. The party consists of thirteen players—an unlucky number—and their manager, Mr. T. E. Maley.

It was not known late last evening how the side will be made up. Quite recently the Manchester City team has suffered greatly through injuries to players, and although all the men were reported fit and well last night there are one or two who might conceivably break down under the extreme pressure of such an important match. It has therefore been deemed advisable to put off the final selection until the last moment. Londoners, however, need not have any doubts as to whether they will see the great Meredith. The Welsh International, who is without question the finest outside right forward in the three kingdoms, is in the very peak of health and condition. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of his partner, Livingstone. This Scottish "laddie," although chosen to play for his country against England a fortnight ago, could not do so owing to a touch of influenza or some such trouble. He has made rapid progress towards recovery since then, but unless he is perfectly satisfied that he is quite capable of going through the whole hour and a half at top pressure he will not play.

Ashworth, Manchester City's very smart amateur half-back, has also been under a cloud recently. He had a bad attack of rheumatism some time ago, which kept him out of the team for a while. He feels pretty fit again, and it is more than likely that he will be found in his usual place at left-half back this afternoon.

This is Manchester City's first appearance in the Final-tie for the national trophy, and it is a most remarkable thing that they are also in the running for the championship of the Football League. Their position constitutes a wonderful achievement when one remembers that they were only promoted from the Second Division at the close of last season.

Bolton Wanderers were in the Final in 1893-4, but they were beaten by Notts County, who were then in the Second Division of the League. This is the only occasion on which a Second Division club has won the trophy, and the burly Boltonians say

that history is going to repeat itself this afternoon.

The Bolton players, with their manager, and several members of the committee of the club, took up their quarters at the White Swan, Upper Norwood, yesterday. They are, on the whole, quietly confident, although they admit that in Manchester City they will meet what is probably the best all-round football team in the country at the present moment. There are no stars in the Bolton eleven. Each man is a fair average performer, who knows the value of combination and dash in a game such as this is certain to be.

It is hardly likely that the Wanderers will give us a display of polished football. We can safely rely upon them, however, for plenty of hard, vigorous work—determined tackling and straight shooting. The non-favorites are very often win the final tie, and Bolton are certainly not the public's fancy for the match at the moment.

Manchester City, on the other hand, if caught in the humour, are as likely as not to score a decided victory. They play dazzling football at times, and if at their best it is difficult to see how the Wanderers' defence could hold out.

The kick-off is fixed for 3.30 p.m., prompt, so that intending visitors to the Palace should set out on their journey not later than 2.0. The railway companies will run special trains so long as they are required, while all the South London tram and bus lines are putting forth their best endeavours to deal with the great increase of traffic which is expected.

The following are the names of the men from whom the sides will ultimately be chosen:—

Bolton Wanderers: Davies, goal; Brown and Sneathers, backs; Clifford and Ditch, Greenhalgh and half; Stokes, Marsh, Yenson, White, and Taylor, forwards.

Manchester: Hillman, goal; Briggs and Mason, backs; Frost, Traill, and Ashworth, half-backs; Meredith, Livingstone, Gillespie, Turnbull, and Booth, forwards.

Portraits of the teams appear on page 5.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

F.A. CHALLENGE CUP FINAL TIE.

At Crystal Palace: Bolton Wanderers v. Manchester City.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

At Blackburn: Blackburn Rovers v. Liverpool.
At Sheffield: Sheffield Wednesday v. Aston Villa.
At Bury: Bury v. Wolves.
At Nottingham: Notts Forest v. Middlesbrough.
At West Bromwich: West Bromwich Albion v. Sheffield United.
At Small Heath: Small Heath v. Notts County.
At Stoke: Stoke v. Derby County.

Division II.

At Barnsley: Barnsley v. Grimsby Town.
At Glossop: Glossop v. Rotherham Trinity.
At Manchester: Manchester United v. Burton United.
At Lincoln: Lincoln City v. Lincoln Red.
At Bristol: Bristol City v. Burnley Port Vale.
At Stockport: Stockport County v. Burnley.
At Bradford: Bradford City v. Bradford Park Avenue.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

At Millwall: Millwall v. Brentford.
At Fulham: Fulham v. West Ham United.
At Reading: Reading v. Brighton.
At Wellingborough: Wellingborough v. Bristol Rovers.
At Kettering: Kettering v. Kettering Town.
At Plymouth: Plymouth Argyle v. Portsmouth.
At Swindon: Swindon v. Northampton.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

At Southampton: Southampton v. Tottenham Hotspur.

MIDLAND LEAGUE.

At Derby: Derby County Res. v. Gainsborough Res.
At Leicester: Leicester v. Leicester City.
At Doncaster: Doncaster United v. Rotherham.
At Grimsby: Grimsby v. Grimsby Town.
At Gillingham: Gillingham v. Gillingham.
At Thurhill: Thurhill v. Lincoln City Res.
At Whitwick: Whitwick v. White Cross Worksop.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

At Glasgow: Celtic v. Kilmarnock.
At Glasgow: Scotland v. Glasgow.

TOTTENHAM CHARITY CUP—Final.

At Tottenham: Walthamstow Imperial v. Page Green Old Boys.

SURREY CHARITY SHIELD COMPETITION.

At Guildford: Towley Park v. Woking.

OTHER MATCHES.

At Clapton: Clapton Orient v. New Bromley.
At Keston Road: Queen's Park Rangers v. Erection.

NORTHERN UNION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

At Broughton: Broughton Rangers v. Wigton.
At Swinton: Swinton v. Halifax.
At Leigh: Leigh v. Hull.
At Hunslet: Hunslet v. Bradford.
At Kellogg: Kellogg v. Bradford.
At Warrington: Warrington v. Bradford.
At Kingston: Kingston v. Oldham.
At Widnes: Widnes v. Huddersfield.
At Batley: Batley v. Zennor.

Division II.

At Bramley: Bramley v. Birkenshead.
At Wakefield: Wakefield Trinity v. Dewsbury.
At South Shields: South Shields v. South Shields.
At St. Helens: St. Helens v. Lancaster.
At Castleford: Castleford v. Rochdale Hornets.
At York: York v. Pontefract.
At Brighouse: Brighouse Rangers v. Normanton.

F.A. MEETING.

It was decided at yesterday's meeting of the Football Association to institute an additional round in next season's cup competition. Ten clubs were selected to meet the ten divisional winners, and the winners of this round will meet the clubs selected to take part in the original intermediate round.

In the event of to-day's Final-tie being drawn, it has been decided that the match be replayed on the ground of the Everton club on Saturday.

The following eighteen clubs were chosen to be exempted from all the qualifying rounds for the Cup next season—Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Bury, Everton, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Notts County, Newcastle United, Notts Forest, Preston North End, Sheffield United, Small Heath, Sunderland, Stoke, Southampton, Tottenham Hotspur, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Woolwich Arsenal. These clubs, with Manchester City, Bolton Wanderers, Sheffield Wednesday, and Derby County, will enter the competition proper with the ten clubs successful in the intermediate round.

The following ten clubs were chosen to be excused participation in the qualifying competition up to the intermediate round—Bristol City, Grimsby Town, Manchester United, Millwall, Plymouth Argyle, Portsmouth, West Bromwich Albion, Reading, Bristol Rovers, and Barnsley.

The following clubs were chosen to meet the divisional winners in Round 2—Barnsley, Bradford City, Barnsley, Burnley Port Vale, Chesterfield, Fulham, Lincoln, Lincoln City, Queen's Park Rangers, and West Ham United.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Middlesex Ladies beat Hampshire Ladies at golf at Ashford, Middlesex, yesterday, by 5 matches to 2.

The first race at Newmarket on Tuesday will be run at two o'clock, and not at 1.30, as published in Thursday's "Racing Calendar."

Lord Cadogan scored a "double event" at Pontefract yesterday, his horse "Viper" winning the Alexandra Welter and Handicap the Park Apprentices' Plate.

Mr. G. L. Jessop, the Gloucestershire captain, who has been practising at Ashley Down, Bristol, is in excellent form with the bat. He has delighted the on-lookers with some big hits.

Permission was given to Woolwich Arsenal and Burnley Port Vale at yesterday's meeting of the Football League management committee to play their second League match at Plumstead next Monday, instead of on April 30, as arranged.

Bristol City F.C., who finish their home fixtures to-day, will make a serious effort next season for promotion, and with that object in view, the forward line—the weak spot—will be considerably strengthened.

GRAND SPORT AT SANDOWN.

Admiral Breeze Beats Candidates for the Classic Races in the Tudor Plate.

IMPORTANT DERBY TRIAL.

There was some admirable sport yesterday at Sandown Park in the second stage of the Spring Meeting. The weather unfortunately broke down, a light, drizzling rain, which set in about the time of the first race stopping for a spell and then continuing to the end. The outlook was none too promising in the early afternoon, yet the general attendance was good. Chief interest centred in the Tudor Plate, a race of 1,000 sows, decided over a mile. It attracted a fine troop of three-year-olds, among the fifteen being Mr. Musker's Admiral Breeze, who had run so well in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket—the race which discredited the Derby favourite, Henry the First.

It is asserted that there was none the best of luck that day, but most critics reckoned it a most disappointing show, and "Henry" was promptly sent back in the market. Admiral Breeze, a handsome chestnut by Velasquez—Seabreeze, profited very much by the Newmarket gallop, and he was clearly his opponents in clever style. The Bechampton stable was represented by Nun Superior, a daughter of Persimmon, for whom Mr. G. Faber paid 3,100 guineas a few days ago at the Maple sale, so Darling was not long in introducing her on a racetrack. The public had never before seen this filly, as owing to some mishap, Nun Superior had not run as a two-year-old. Darling also supplied a favourite in St. Day, a very good-looking bay by St. Serf out of Corday. An Irish-bred candidate, Mountain Knight, was also very much fancied, and the pair just mentioned held first places in the betting. Love Poton also had support, and speculators did not overlook the fact that on previous running that game colt, Right Honourable, held an excellent chance.

Guides for the Derby.

Several of the candidates were no doubt out as guides to their respective cables for a line for the classic races. Mr. Richard Croker, who is said to fancy very much the chance of Clonmell for the Derby, was represented by Herbert Vincent, so one looked with exceptional interest on the result of the contest. Nun Superior destroyed her chance by starting badly, and a prominent feature of the race was that Mountain Knight settled down at the head of the field, and came along well till halfway up the straight the colt seemed certain to win. Meanwhile St. Day had lagged behind some ten others, and when Cannon put on pressure in the straight he could not get on flying terms with Admiral Breeze, who had deprived Mountain Knight of the lead in the last quarter-mile to win by two lengths.

Admiral Breeze will now take his chance in the Two Thousand Guineas next Wednesday, so Mr. Musker will be in a still better position to weigh up the Derby prospects. The going, gossip was busy during the day with the report of the King's-clerk trial which had taken place early in the morning at Kingsclere, witnessed by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and the Duke of Portland. Grey Plume (conqueror of Admiral Breeze) and Henry the First (conqueror of Rydal Head and Darley Dale), and the respective owners of the latter pair, the Dukes of Westminster and Portland, decided subsequently that Rydal Head should be the representative of the stable in the Two Thousand.

Several two-year-olds which had already secured honours as winners were among the ten that contested the Stud Produce Stakes, and most fancied was the dark bay Vedas, victor of the Brookley Stakes, and of a race at Liverpool—which did him more mischief than credit in critical appreciation, as it was believed he had shown no great liking for a severe struggle. The colt did not run quite straight or generously yesterday, yet he won in a canter from Norman Bride, who did well enough to make Mr. Homan quite content with his recent purchase. Peace filly carried as much money as Vedas, but was defeated by Major Edwards' Khummarah, who was palpably backward in condition and should do better next outing. Tirritri was left at the post.

Pan Michael's Late Effort.

It looked probable that Mr. de Wend-Fenton would, with ordinary luck, have followed up the success of Vedas with that of Pan Michael in the Twickenham Handicap, if Pan Michael had not practically stood still when the barrier was raised. He raced up second at the finish, though at one time in the race forty lengths behind the leaders, of whom Noblese, Anacosty, Greyson, and Wild Willow were most prominent. Mouraviev got badly, but on reaching the straight Plint guided him with remarkable cleverness through his field, and ultimately won very easily, as I anticipated.

Madden broke a sequence of losers by riding the Surrender colt in the second stage of the race, and second successful mount on Admiral Breeze. The start for the former race was unsatisfactory, as Cyclone filly, Energetique, and Altruist were left at the post. Chronos, a winner last Saturday at Derby, seemed likely to add another win to the fortunate series scored lately by Major Edwards, but when that horse had shaken off Flower, Teviot filly the pair were overhauled and beaten by Surrender colt.

The winner was subsequently sold for 310 guineas, and a better price was realised by the auctioneer for Evacuation, who was bought in for 470 guineas by the Duke of Devonshire. There was not a shilling for Evacuation, owing to Mr. S. B. Joel, in the market, whereas Mr. J. B. Joel's The Greek was all the rage in the ring. The burthen of the fight rested on the pair, and it resulted in a head victory for Evacuation. Beekers were victorious in the Guineas Handicap, which witnessed the defeat of Aralia and a dozen others by Pure Gold in a pretty race over one mile five furlongs.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

SANDOWN PARK.	
2.0.—St. James's Hurdle—WOLF.	
2.30.—Grand International Steeplechase—KIRKLAND.	
3.0.—Great Sandown Hurdle—JOHN M.P.	
3.30.—Pavilion Steeplechase—ADAMS.	
4.0.—Kingston Hurdle—HAZEL SLADE.	
4.30.—Criterion Steeplechase—THE GRABBER.	
GREY FRIARS.	

RACING RETURNS.

SANDOWN PARK.—FRIDAY.

2.0.—CLAYGATE PLATE of 200 sows; winner to be sold for 500 sows. 1. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 2. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 3. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 4. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 5. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 6. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 7. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 8. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 9. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 10. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 11. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 12. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 13. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 14. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 15. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 16. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 17. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 18. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 19. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 20. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 21. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 22. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 23. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 24. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 25. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 26. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 27. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 28. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 29. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 30. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 31. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 32. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 33. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 34. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 35. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 36. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 37. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 38. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 39. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 40. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 41. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 42. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 43. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 44. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 45. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 46. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 47. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 48. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 49. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 50. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 51. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 52. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 53. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 54. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 55. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 56. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 57. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 58. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 59. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 60. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 61. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 62. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 63. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 64. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 65. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 66. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 67. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 68. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 69. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 70. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 71. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 72. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 73. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 74. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 75. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 76. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 77. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 78. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 79. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 80. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 81. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 82. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 83. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 84. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 85. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 86. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 87. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 88. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 89. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 90. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 91. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 92. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 93. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 94. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 95. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 96. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 97. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 98. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 99. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 100. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 101. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 102. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 103. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 104. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 105. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 106. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 107. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 108. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 109. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 110. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 111. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 112. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 113. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 114. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 115. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 116. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 117. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 118. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 119. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 120. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 121. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 122. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 123. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 124. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 125. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 126. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 127. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 128. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 129. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 130. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 131. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 132. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 133. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 134. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 135. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 136. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 137. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 138. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 139. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 140. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 141. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 142. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 143. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 144. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 145. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 146. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 147. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 148. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 149. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 150. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 151. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 152. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 153. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 154. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 155. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 156. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 157. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 158. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 159. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 160. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 161. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 162. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 163. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 164. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 165. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 166. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 167. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 168. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 169. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 170. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 171. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 172. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 173. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 174. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 175. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 176. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 177. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 178. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 179. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 180. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 181. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 182. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 183. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 184. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 185. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 186. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 187. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 188. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 189. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 190. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 191. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 192. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 193. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 194. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 195. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 196. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 197. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 198. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 199. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 200. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 201. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 202. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 203. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 204. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 205. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 206. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 207. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 208. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 209. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 210. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 211. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 212. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 213. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 214. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 215. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 216. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 217. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 218. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 219. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 220. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 221. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 222. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 223. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 224. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 225. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 226. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 227. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 228. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 229. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 230. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 231. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 232. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 233. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 234. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 235. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 236. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 237. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 238. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 239. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 240. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 241. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 242. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 243. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 244. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 245. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 246. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 247. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 248. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 249. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 250. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 251. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 252. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 253. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 254. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 255. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 256. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 257. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 258. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 259. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 260. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 261. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 262. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 263. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 264. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 265. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 266. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 267. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 268. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 269. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 270. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 271. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 272. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 273. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 274. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 275. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 276. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 277. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 278. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 279. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 280. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 281. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 282. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 283. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 284. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 285. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 286. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 287. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 288. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 289. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 290. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 291. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 292. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 293. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 294. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 295. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 296. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 297. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 298. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 299. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 300. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 301. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 302. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 303. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 304. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 305. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 306. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 307. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 308. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 309. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 310. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 311. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 312. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 313. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 314. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 315. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 316. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 317. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 318. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 319. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 320. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 321. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 322. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 323. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 324. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 325. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 326. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 327. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 328. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 329. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 330. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 331. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 332. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 333. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 334. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 335. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 336. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 337. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 338. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 339. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 340. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 341. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 342. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 343. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 344. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 345. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 346. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 347. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 348. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 349. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 350. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 351. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 352. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 353. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 354. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 355. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 356. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 357. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 358. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 359. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 360. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 361. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 362. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 363. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 364. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 365. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 366. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 367. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 368. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 369. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 370. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 371. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 372. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 373. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 374. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 375. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 376. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 377. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 378. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 379. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 380. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 381. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 382. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 383. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 384. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 385. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 386. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 387. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 388. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 389. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 390. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 391. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 392. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 393. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 394. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 395. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 396. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 397. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 398. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 399. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 400. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 401. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 402. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 403. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 404. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 405. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 406. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 407. Major J. D. Edwards' CROCODILE, 100 to 1. 408. Major J. D. Edwards'

